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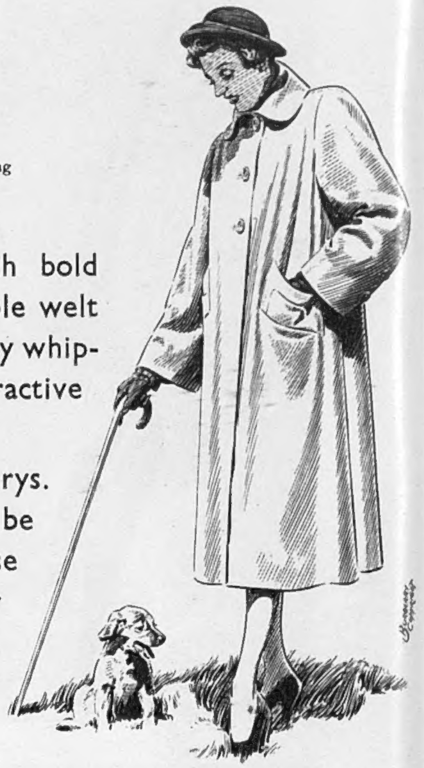

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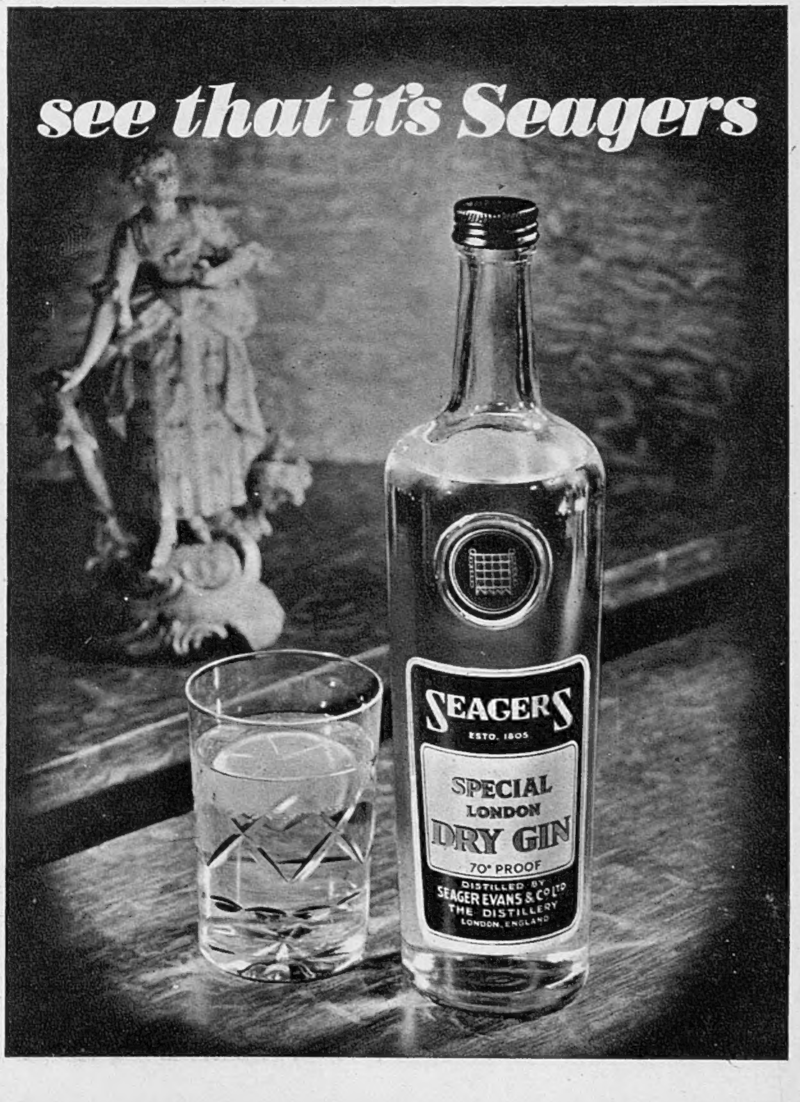

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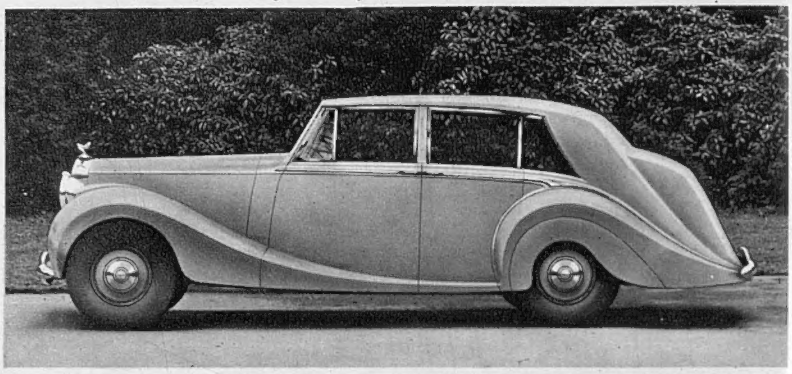

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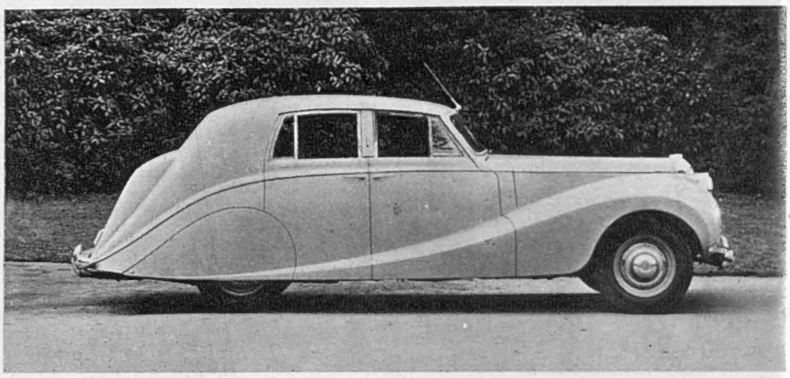

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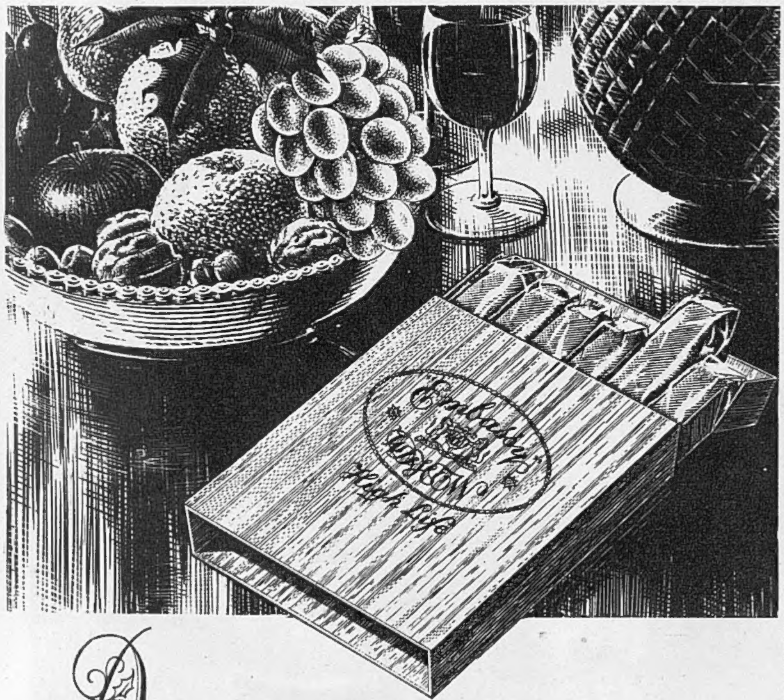

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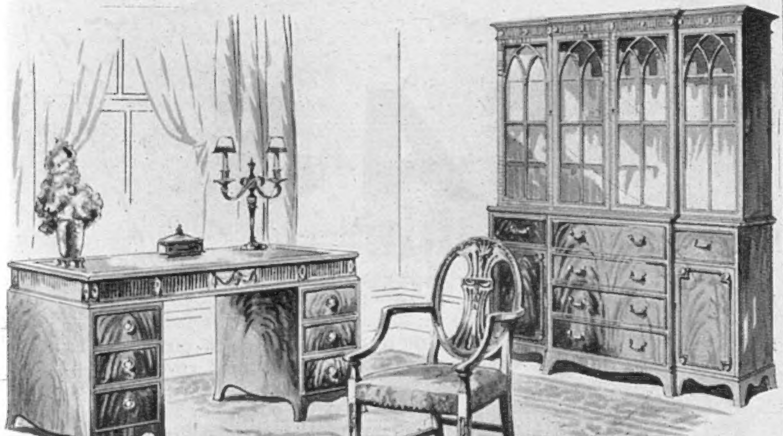

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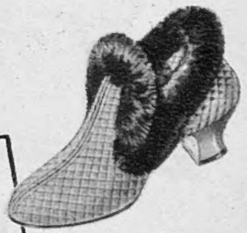

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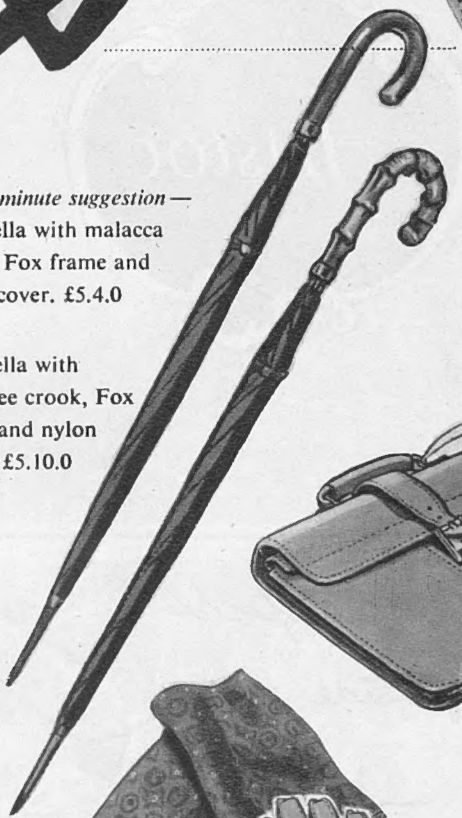

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1950

Photographed by Angus McBean.

BEAUTIFUL

SINCE her Vatican marriage to Tyrone Power, Linda Christian is not seen on the screen nowadays. Instead, she decoratively accompanies on his journeyings her star husband, who at present is playing the lead in *Mr. Roberts* at the Coliseum, so she's in London, too.

For the first time in history a reigning monarch visited the Old Vic Theatre when, recently, their Majesties and Princess Margaret sat in the dress circle to see *Twelfth Night*.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

AS you will observe, if you look at the calendar, the year 1950 is drawing unpeacefully to its close. Despite its performance, we shall express the indomitable optimism of the human race by raising our glasses as the last quivering chime of Big Ben dies away at midnight on New Year's Eve, and wishing each other a happy New Year.

Since the infant 1951, like all infants, will be the child of its parents and the descendant of its ancestors, there is no reason at all to believe that the brat will be any better than its elder brothers 1950, 1949 and 1948. But that will not prevent us giving him a good send-off. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, otherwise we would have reached the ice age by now.

At the earnest request of nobody, I shall now hand out the prizes for 1950. There may be some readers of *The Sketch* who will not agree with all, or any, of my selections, in which case I suggest that they send their entries to the Editor. On the other hand, I hope that my list will find some favour in your eyes. Remember that we live in the age of the common man—or so our masters tell us—but the human race still extols the great, the famous and the unusual. Long may it be so.

THE politician of the year is undoubtedly Winston Churchill. As leader of the Conservative Opposition he led his troops into the election battle of last February, and afterwards forced the Government to carry out nearly the whole of his election policy. In a foreign affairs debate in the spring he made what many of us consider the greatest speech of his life. Holding no office, his party defeated at the polls and in

the division lobbies, he yet contrived to speak for Britain.

Defying his years and the advice of his doctors, he smoked, drank, stayed up late and is ending the year in grand fettle. Because he has brought the courage and greatness of the sixteenth century to illumine the grey days of this era of creeping common sense, I unhesitatingly hand the golden cup to Churchill.

However, the world does not consist of men alone, and we must now decide upon the outstanding young woman of 1950. This prize comes to Britain with unanimous consent. The young woman of the year is Princess Margaret. Slight of build, possessed of large, beautiful eyes, delicate of feature and with a sense of adventure in all that she does, here is a sprite among mortals. Compared to most of the young women of our time she is like a ballet dancer strangely inserted into the Forsyte Saga.

She has given youth to an ageing world, and we are her debtors. I am sure that, like Mr. Churchill, she stays up too late and keeps on dancing when everyone else wants to go home, but, like Puck, she delights in movement, and her spirit girdles the globe.

NOW let us turn to the Stage, for the theatre (considering that it has been dying for the last hundred years) is enjoying singular good health. By tradition, of course, we should select some veteran for the best actress of the year. The Americans say that no British actress is a box-office draw in London until she is sixty-five. Breaking with precedent, I unhesitatingly nominate Peggy Ashcroft. Her performance in *The Heiress* gave greatness to a play that did not possess it in itself. And now at the Old Vic, as Viola in *Twelfth Night*, she achieves the impossible by being convincingly boyish and adorably feminine at the same time. It took her a long time to reach the top, but it will take longer to dislodge her from that eminence.

In choosing the actor of the year I give the crown to Alec Guinness. He is no Adonis. He will never cause women to swoon when he looks at them across the footlights, but he is so intelligent that he adds meaning to the author's words. If you doubt that, let me remind you that he knocked Broadway cold in T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*. In my opinion this play was written by a concussed for the concussed. But Guinness persuaded the Americans that there was genius at work. For that feat alone I acclaim him. If I ever write a play again I shall do everything short of blackmail to persuade him to act in it.

The play of the year? In this case the credit goes to France, although Peter Brook's production in London is far better than the original one in Paris. I refer to *Ring Round the Moon*, by Jean Anouilh. Here we have the nonsense of a cultivated, sensitive mind, the romance of a poet and the barbed wit of a great satirist. In this play the limitations of the stage are swept aside. Christopher Fry helped in a skilful translation, so, like young Peter, he must share the honours with the author.

Which film shall we choose? Now I am on slippery ground, for owing to the absurd convention that there must be only twenty-four hours in a day, I seldom am able to visit the cinema. But like the judges in a prettiest ankles competition, I must nominate a winner, and with some diffidence suggest Charlie Chaplin's *City Lights*. This old film reminds us irresistibly how the art of the cinema was reduced by the arrival of the talkies.

The great advantage of the silent film was that each member of the audience could bring his or her own degree of understanding to it. There was no spoken dialogue to limit its appeal or create a common denominator of appreciation. Chaplin was a genius. This picture will live when the colossal super-epics of Hollywood's talkie era are dead and forgotten. Perhaps it is as well to remind ourselves that Chaplin is, or was, an Englishman and learned his art in these Islands of the Blessed, the Bothered and the Bewildered.

WHEN we move away from the world of the theatre and the cinema into that of music, I am afraid we must go to Italy for the musician of the year. Signor Cantelli, who came here with the La Scala Opera, is only thirty. When off the platform he looks rather slight and appealing, like Frank Sinatra, but when he conducts he commands the moon and the stars.

At the close of their London visit he conducted the Milan Orchestra in a concert at the Albert Hall, and ended up with Tchaikovsky's hackneyed Fifth. He knew it was hackneyed. He knew it was a sop to British musical taste which is always in the throes of a Beethoven, a Wagner or a Tchaikovsky cult, and is usually two composers behind the rest of the world. But he made his orchestra play like angels—and devils. He brought the sorrows and the glories of Imperial Russia to Kensington with such genius that I would not have been surprised to see snowflakes fluttering in the air. Is he an actor? Certainly, for a conductor must be an actor. A ballet dancer? Of course. A great conductor? Toscanini says he will soon be the greatest conductor in the world. I give you Signor Cantelli as Music's Man of the Year.

There is a grim lack of competition when we have to nominate the outstanding soldier of 1950. That distinction belongs to General Douglas MacArthur. He directed the Korean campaign with such skill and imagination that a mighty triumph seemed within his grasp. Had the Chinese not intervened MacArthur would have joined the immortals.

His critics, who multiplied by the million when the tide of battle went against him, say that he has ambitions to be Emperor of Japan. Well, why not? The man who reaches for the stars goes farther than the fellow who stays in the hay. War is the maker and breaker of reputations. Nevertheless, MacArthur is the soldier of the year, even though the shadows closed in on him.

TO end on a more cheerful note we shall now select the horse of 1950? Was it the Derby winner, the Eclipse winner, or the first horse home in the St. Leger?

It was none of these. Churchill's *Colonist II.* is the champion of the year.

A knowledgeable man of the Turf asked Winston if *Colonist* was a good judge of a race. Churchill was puzzled until the expert reminded him how, for example, *Brown Jack* knew all about those long-distance races and left Donoghue nothing to do but have an armchair ride.

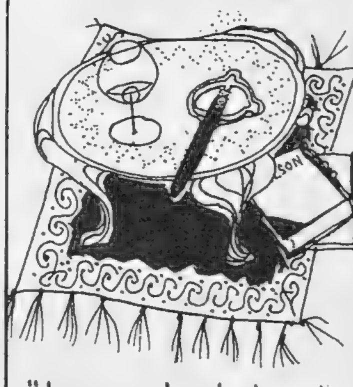
"My horse," said Churchill solemnly, "is the best judge of a race that I have ever seen. His policy is never to allow any other horse to be in front of him."

Was there ever such a unity of temperament between man and beast? Churchill has a talk with his horse before and after every race. Perhaps *Colonist* will have a talk with Churchill before the next General Election. . . .

MILORDS, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to rise and drink to the outstanding two-legged and four-legged personalities of 1950. May their prowess continue in the as yet unblemished New Year which is upon us.

Beverley Baxter

"the age of the common man"



"he smoked, drank, stayed up late"

"City Lights" & "The Cocktail Party"

THE BIG TOP

THRILLS, frills, suspense and glitter : the circus season returns to lace the Christmas holidays with excitement. Clowns, acrobats, clever performing animals and all the gallant paraphernalia of the big-top tent. Here are the Cumberlands, four men, four girls—the fastest riders ever, with an amazing sense of balance. They are part of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia.

Little mid-Victorians Lynn Redgrave and Annabel Bartlett flank Miss Rachel Kempson wearing a dress of William IV.'s day.

Ladies Selina (1860) and Caroline Hastings (1880), with mother (1850), author Miss Margaret Lane (Lady Huntingdon).

Dick Bentley (1860 peer's nightshirt), Jimmy Edwards (1890) and Joy Nichols (eighteenth century) taking it from somewhere.

1860 family group : Peter Gray, The Royal Horse Guards, Lady Moorea Hastings, and little Merlin Holland, grandson of Oscar Wilde.

The Queen and Princess Margaret arriving at the New Theatre.

1840. Miss Helen Cherry, bonneted, long-waisted, with an elaborate, fringed parasol.

Mid-Georgians : Miss Dorothy Dickson in a hooped Court dress of gold, silver and red, and Miss Irene Worth wearing a day-dress of the same period.

FAMOUS PEOPLE MODELLED PERIOD FASHIONS BEFORE ROYALTY

THE QUEEN, with Princess Margaret, recently visited the New Theatre to see the biggest historical parade of fashion ever staged. Famous authors, actors, actresses and their children displayed the costumes collected over many years by Mrs. Doris Langley Moore to form the basis of a new Museum of Costume, which will be opened in Cumberland Place next year.

The 1860's, represented by Miss Shelagh Fraser and little Lady Selina Hastings.

Candid Cameo

W. MACQUEEN-POPE

By Cyril Butcher

WALTER MACQUEEN-POPE really is the most baffling person. When the door of his office closed behind me and I started down the vertiginous stairs leading to the Strand, I wondered just how much more I now knew of the man than when the same door had opened to me, nearly two hours previously.

Then I had known that he is the shrewdest theatrical press agent in the country; that he has secured a literary niche for himself as the theatre's biographer (his latest essay, a history of that very English institution the Music Hall, is at this moment evoking considerable interest); that he is a brilliant raconteur with a vast fund of memories. And, having seen him around for many years, I naturally knew what he looked like: medium build, greying, balding, figure and complexion that typify the indoor man, and a pair of exceedingly alert eyes. I had noticed him, at theatrical gatherings, genial, expansive, and good-humoured. I had also once noticed him very bad-humoured, acid and angry. That was when one of the understudies of a musical play, which he was "handling," inadvertently told a reporter that she was appearing that night in the place of a leading actress.

And now how much farther had one got, after two hours of concentration on him?

At first, it seemed one wasn't going to get anywhere at all. His opening gambit could not have been more discouraging. He put down his cigarette in an overflowing ashtray and rose to greet me. "Don't know what I'm going to be able to do for you, as I'm terribly pressed for time. There's a pile of letters to answer, and the proofs of my new book to correct. I've got a meeting at twelve-thirty, and then in the afternoon I'm off up North, to lecture." He slumped back into his chair, gave me a cigarette, and lit another one himself.

Here was a chance to take a quick look round. At first sight, his office does not seem to be the place where you could get to know the real Macqueen-Pope. Filing cabinets fight for floor space with a litter of manuscripts and other unidentifiable treasures. The walls are dun-coloured and haphazardly plastered with lithographs and old playbills. Add some sort of carpet, a few chairs, the desk with its inevitable typewriter, and the picture is complete. I had hoped for a more personal one.

"Then perhaps I could come and see you at home?" I began hopefully.

"Practically impossible," he replied. "I'm scarcely ever there. If you're looking for my real background, this is it. I do nothing but work. I haven't even any hobbies—only work. This office is my proper setting."

Of course he was right. His suit, obviously intended more for comfort than sartorial effect, his tie, slightly off-centre, the room's apparent confusion, the traffic rumble from the Strand below, the constant telephone calls, the feeling that one might be in any period within the last fifty years—all these things were in perfect harmony. For, like all theatre folk, "Popie" at heart is one of the rogues and vagabonds from whom the profession has sprung.

"When did you begin in the theatre?" I asked him.

He uttered a sound that was a mixture between a laugh and a smoker's cough. "Good lord, I've always been in it. My family has been connected with the stage for centuries."

And, in fact, "Popie" is the dean of all such rogues and vagabonds. One of his forbears, Morgan Pope, ran the Bankside Bear Gardens, in 1585. Another, Thomas Pope, was a leading member of Burbage's company at the original Globe Theatre, appearing in several of the first productions of Shakespeare's plays. Since 1720, the Pope family has been associated, continuously, with Drury Lane. Jane, a great-great-great-aunt, was one of Garrick's leading ladies, while "Popie's" great-great-grandfather played principal rôles with Kean and Mrs. Siddons at "The Lane." He himself has for some time been official historian and press representative for this grand old lady of theatres.

"Mind you, I've done every mortal job there is to do in the business," he added, while telling me all this. "Except I've never been a callboy. Perhaps that's why I've never made a fortune. Most of them seem to end up as millionaires nowadays. But I've been everything else—actor, producer, manager, press-agent, stage-director: anything you like to mention."

Here I interrupted him for a moment to offer him a cigarette. But he would have none of it. "No you don't. Have one of mine. Cigarettes are the only thing in the world I have plenty of."

By now the pile of letters and the proofs had plainly been forgotten. Macqueen-Pope was in a reminiscent mood.

"I suppose the strangest job I ever had was to try and buy Stonehenge. I was working for George Dance at the time, as a general factotum. He was a terrible man to work for—you never knew what he was going to say or do next, and his one idea was to obstruct everybody who worked for him. It was supposed to make us more efficient. Among my routine jobs was the running of a staff of advance agents for twenty-four touring companies—*that* was the real beginning of my career as a press-representative. The boss insisted that the advance agents should carry out their duties in a thoroughly gentlemanly fashion, and gave them top-hats to wear. Unfortunately, some of them could not afford anything better than a crumpled flannel suit to go with this splendid headgear, so the effect must have been more than a little astonishing.

"Anyway, one day Dance sent for me and said: 'Go down to Salisbury and buy Stonehenge for me.' I tried—but the place wasn't for sale. Dance never said a word, nor did he tell me why he wanted it. I can only guess he meant to present it to the nation. Because a long time afterwards he donated a huge sum to the Old Vic and got what he was after—a knighthood."

The flow of "Popie's" personal history never faltered. Story followed story—and he reminisces in a way that makes you long for more. His memory is almost frightening.

"I have a brain like blotting-paper," he declared. "I never forget a thing. Why, I could tell you the names in the cast of West End plays fifty years ago."

One instance of this faculty is the fact that he wrote his most successful book, *Twenty Shillings in the Pound*—a most minutely detailed account of middle-class life during the twenty-five years before the First World War—entirely from memory! ("I only had to check on two things: the price of women's clothing at that time, which I got from my wife, and the score of the Test Match at the Oval in 1902.")

This was all very well, but I still hadn't got very far in my efforts to dig below Macqueen-Pope's surface. But what is one to do with a man who will not stop reminiscing? I am sure he does not mean to baffle one. He talks about himself frankly, and at length. But whatever he tells you will ultimately be connected with his work.

Eventually, after the sixth cigarette, I took my leave—regretfully, because it had been a fascinating two hours. As I went, I thought of what he had said earlier: "I do nothing but work." In another man that remark might strike a depressing note, for, automatically, one thinks of the dictum about the fatal effect upon Jack of "all work and no play."

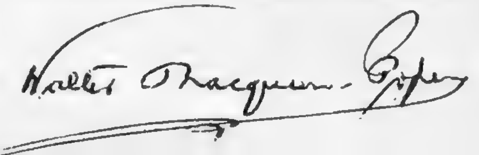
But to Walter Macqueen-Pope goes the distinction of proving that rule by being its exception. For this "boy" is very, very far from being dull!

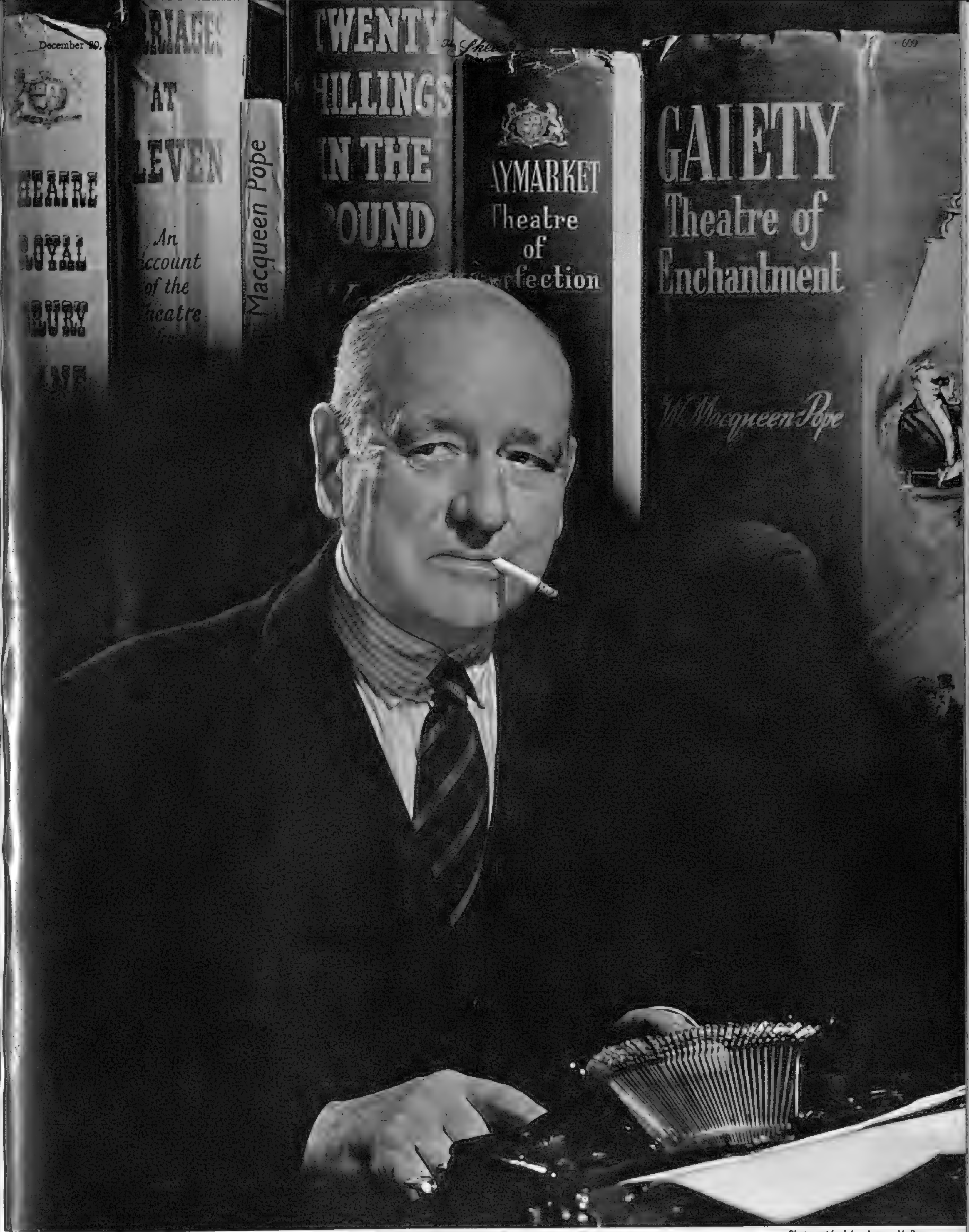
★

Who . . . Me?

MEDIUM build, with 5 ft. 11½ ins. and a chest which is the despair of the tailors? And I *have* got hobbies: two grandchildren who completely boss me. And although I have always worked all the hours, I found time to get married quite a long time ago to the lady who is still happily my wife, even though she does say it is like being married to a typewriter. And she is dead right. But how can one who belongs to the Theatre do anything else but work? It's a full-time job if you love it—and I do.

Mr. Butcher has not mentioned my worst failing: punctuality. I have never been late in my life, and usually catch the train before the one I meant to. But I learnt that from George Dance, too: we all had big framed mottoes in our offices which said "Do It Yesterday." And I try to live up to that. Mad, of course—but then the Theatre is a mad place and only lunatics can live in it and be happy. I'm very happy. . . . I work in the present and live in the past.





Photographed by Angus McBean

HISTORIAN OF THE THEATRE:
WALTER MACQUEEN-POPE

Photographed by Baron.

LADY ROCKSAVAGE GAVE A BALL . . .

LORD and Lady Rocksavage lent Cholmondeley Castle for a festive farewell ball to officers of the 1st The Royal Dragoons, with whom he served in Italy, France, and Germany, and who leave for Egypt on January 20. The ball took place on December 6, after the King's visit to Chester to inspect the regiment, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. The Earl of Rocksavage is heir to the fifth Marquess of Cholmondeley, Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England. He married Miss Lavinia Leslie in 1947 and they have two daughters.

Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

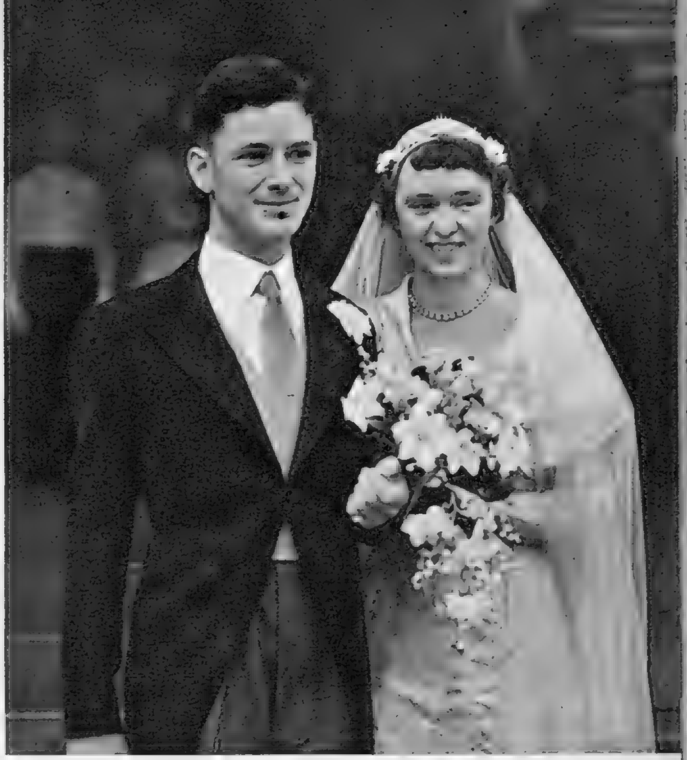
NOV. 24.

(Left.) University Conservative Ball at Cambridge's Dorothy Café was a lively affair. Sitting-out in the snapshot are Miss Susan Knight and Mr. John Parker.

NOV. 25.

(Right.) At Brompton Oratory Mr. Gavin D. Don, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of Captain W. G. Don of Maulesden, Brechin, and of Mrs. Baxter, of Invereighty, near Forfar, married Miss Mary Eardley-Wilmot, daughter of Sir John and Lady Eardley-Wilmot.

UNIVERSITY BALL (RIGHT WING).



DON — EARDLEY-WILMOT WEDDING.

NOV. 29.

(Left.) Lord and Lady Douglas Gordon's baby daughter was christened Jane Elizabeth at Sandhurst's R. Military Chapel. Lord Douglas is a major in The Black Watch, and brother of Lord Huntly.

NOV. 29.

(Right.) Gay couple after wedding at St. Bartholomew's : Mr. and Mrs. Birch Reynardson ; he's son of Lt.-Col. H. and Mrs. Birch Reynardson, of Adwell House, Tetworth, Oxon. Bride, *née* Pamela M. Humphreys, is daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Thomas and Lady Humphreys, of Quintain House, West Malling.

CHRISTENING OF A GORDON.

BIRCH REYNARDSON — HUMPHREYS WEDDING.

NOV. 29.

(Left.) Going was soft on first day's Cheltenham 'chasing, but some good-class racing was had. In snapshot Mrs. W. Barrington Brown, Mrs. D. E. Mylne, and Lady Sybil Rowley, by the paddock.

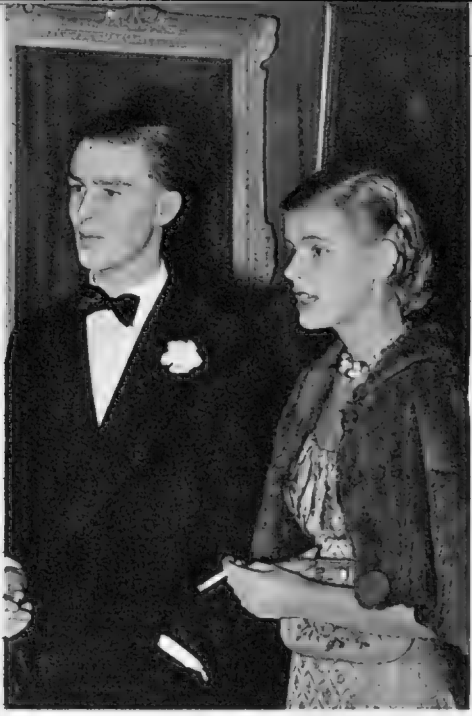
NOV. 29.

(Right.) At Quaglino's flower-decked, festive twenty-first birthday dinner, the Duke of Sutherland chatted to Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, and Mrs. Henry Tiarks.

CHELTENHAM : FIRST DAY.

QUAGLINO'S COMING-OF-AGE.

Date- (Our Social



SUPPER-DANCE AMONG THE PORTRAITS.

NOV. 29.

Royal Society of Portrait Painters threw good party with buffet supper and dancing at R. Institute Galleries. Among those present: (right) the Hon. Sally Ann Vivian with Mr. Dominick Elwes; (left) Lady George Scott and Lord Northampton.

MUSIC AT THE CHILEAN EMBASSY.

ON ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

NOV. 30.

(Left.) Grand musical party for famous Chilean violinist Alfredo Wang, who played, given by Chilean Ambassador at his Embassy, to music-lovers and critics. Guests seen here, l. to r.: Lady Franckenstein, Princess Vladimir Galitzine, Mrs. de Trafford, and Prince Vladimir Galitzine.

NOV. 30.

(Above) (Right.) Stately prelude to R. Scottish Corporation's St. Andrew's Festival Dinner at Grosvenor House. The Hon. David Bruce, son of Lord and Lady Elgin, was followed by his parents as he bore Robert the Bruce's gallant 5-ft. sword processionally into the hall.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON.

NOV. 30.

Lots of good, sticky mud for traditional Wall Game at Eton's St. Andrew's Day celebrations. Family parties included (left) Mrs. William Fox-Pitt with sons E. A. M. and W. O. G. Fox-Pitt, and (right) Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Drury-Lowe and son Simon.

Book Diary- Cont.)

DEC. 2.

(Left.) Guard of honour of his regiment, The Life Guards, when the Hon. Robin Borwick, son of Lord and Lady Borwick, of Swanston House, Whitchurch, Oxon, married Miss P. G. McAlpine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, of Fawley Green, at St. Mark's, N. Audley St.

DEC. 2.

(Right.) Squadron Leader E. P. Landon and his wife were at the Dorchester for the Pathfinders' Ball, a great affair, with masses of famous pilots, wives and friends.

BORWICK — McALPINE WEDDING.

PATHFINDERS' BALL.

DEC. 4.

(Left.) Distinguished squadron, No. 603 City of Edinburgh, R.A.A.F., celebrated jubilee at their H.Q. at Edinburgh. Among big attendance of members, past, present, swapping yarns, were: Gp. Capt. M. W. S. Robinson, F/Lt. J. Muir, F/Lt. J. Storrar.

DEC. 5.

(Right.) At the Dorchester for the Farmers' Club Annual Dinner were (l. to r.): Lady Bledisloe, the Duke of Norfolk, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, and Mr. Richard Bolton, the President.

FIGHTERS' FESTIVAL.

FARMERS DINED.

DEC. 6.

(Left.) Newmarket December Bloodstock Sales. Third day's spotlight: Miss Daniels bought *French Squadron* and *Go Getter*, both bred by Lord Astor. Top price: Mr. J. A. Dewar's 9000 guineas for *Pashmina*. In picture: Lord and Lady Harrington; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Moore.

DEC. 12.

(Right.) The Christmas touch. Mrs. Churchill poured a gallon of rum into the Christmas pudding mixture—303 lb. of it—in the galley of the aircraft-carrier *Indomitable* at Portsmouth Dockyard. She had launched the ship at Barrow-in-Furness in 1939.

AT NEWMARKET.

MRS. CHURCHILL LACED THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Date-Book (Abroad)

AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA.

LEAVING THE PARIS OPERA.

NOV. 29.

New York. (Left.) Royalty who dined with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt at New York's fashionable Waldorf-Astoria were the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway, celebrating the forty-ninth anniversary of American-Scandinavian foundation.

NOV. 29.

Paris. (Right.) Two First Ladies, Queen Ingrid and Mme. Vincent Auriol, left the opera in the rain, during visit of Denmark's King and Queen to France's President.

"OLDE ENGLISH": NEW YORK VERSION.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY ABROAD.

NOV. 29.

New York. (Left.) At Biltmore Hotel—"Ye Olde English Faire," held under auspices of Daughters of British Empire in New York State (in aid of aged British in Victoria Home), was opened by Lady Jebb (centre). Right: Sir Francis Evans, retiring British Consul. Left: Lady Evans.

NOV. 30.

Denmark. (Right.) In Copenhagen's Ambassador Restaurant they celebrated St. Andrew's Day, and there were Scots present. Dancing on left with Mrs. Granzow is Major-Gen. Sir Colin Gubbins. Right: Dr. and Mrs. Jensen.

AMBASSADORIAL.

BALLETOMANES.

DEC. 10.

Washington. (Left.) Before going to White House for final meeting with President Truman, Britain's P.M. Mr. Attlee met Ambassadors at the British Embassy. Left: Australia's Mr. Norman J. O. Makin; Mme. Vijaya Pandit, India's good-looking Ambassador.

DEC. 11.

Los Angeles. (Right.) To see the Sadlers Wells Ballet at the Shrine Auditorium were (left) Sir Laurence Olivier and (right) his wife, Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh), with Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Mr. Clifton Webb, discussing performance between acts.

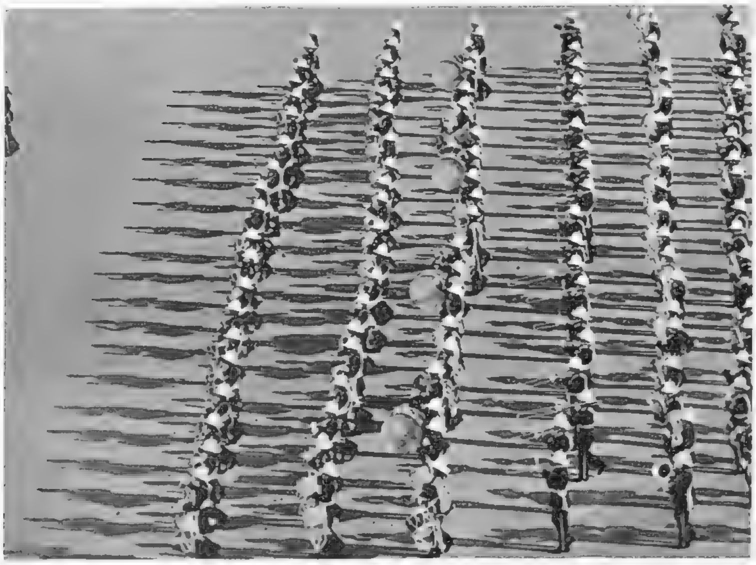
Photographed by Hessler Studio.

THE EISENHOWERS AT HOME

THIS domestic photograph, anticipating the long-expected announcement of his appointment as Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Pact forces in Europe, was taken at the home of General "Ike" Eisenhower, popular wartime Supreme Commander, Allied Expeditionary Forces in Western Europe. Born in 1890, the third son of David J. Eisenhower and Ida Elizabeth Stover, he was educated at the U.S. Military Academy, West Point. He served in the First World War, and in 1916 he married Mamie Geneva Doud. They have one surviving son, John Sheldon Doud, and their home is at Abilene, Kansas. The General's recreations are golf, bridge, fishing and hunting.

RECIPROCATION. Showing the Queen and Princess Margaret as they left Buckingham Palace on their way to watch the Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade.

CREATION. Bela Zola's prize-winner in the *Encyclopædia Britannica's* "News Pictures of the Year" competition—"Would it go in my Home?" A visitor views a bust of Lopokova by Frank Dobson.



FORMATION. Massed bands of the Royal Marines from Chatham, Portsmouth and Plymouth, and of the Royal Naval School of Music at Deal, beat Retreat on the Horse Guards Parade.

COMBINATION. The farmer. Mr. Winston Churchill has many facets to his character. Here, at Chartwell, with Mr. Anthony Eden, he surveys progress in one of his fields.

JUBILATION. Edrich caught Walcott, bowled Ramadhin, during the second day's play of the second Test match, England *v.* the West Indies.

CONGRATULATION. Sally Ann Howes, screen and stage star, daughter of Bobby Howes, was godmother to young Philip Ridgeway III.

RELAXATION. "Mother Nurses Famous Baby," by C. Dawson, won a prize in the "News Pictures of the Year." It 's hardly necessary to identify mother *Ivy* and *Brumas*.

ADMIRATION. Bride and bridegroom. Mr. Ludovic Kennedy and Moira Shearer were married in the Royal Chapel at Hampton Court Palace in February.

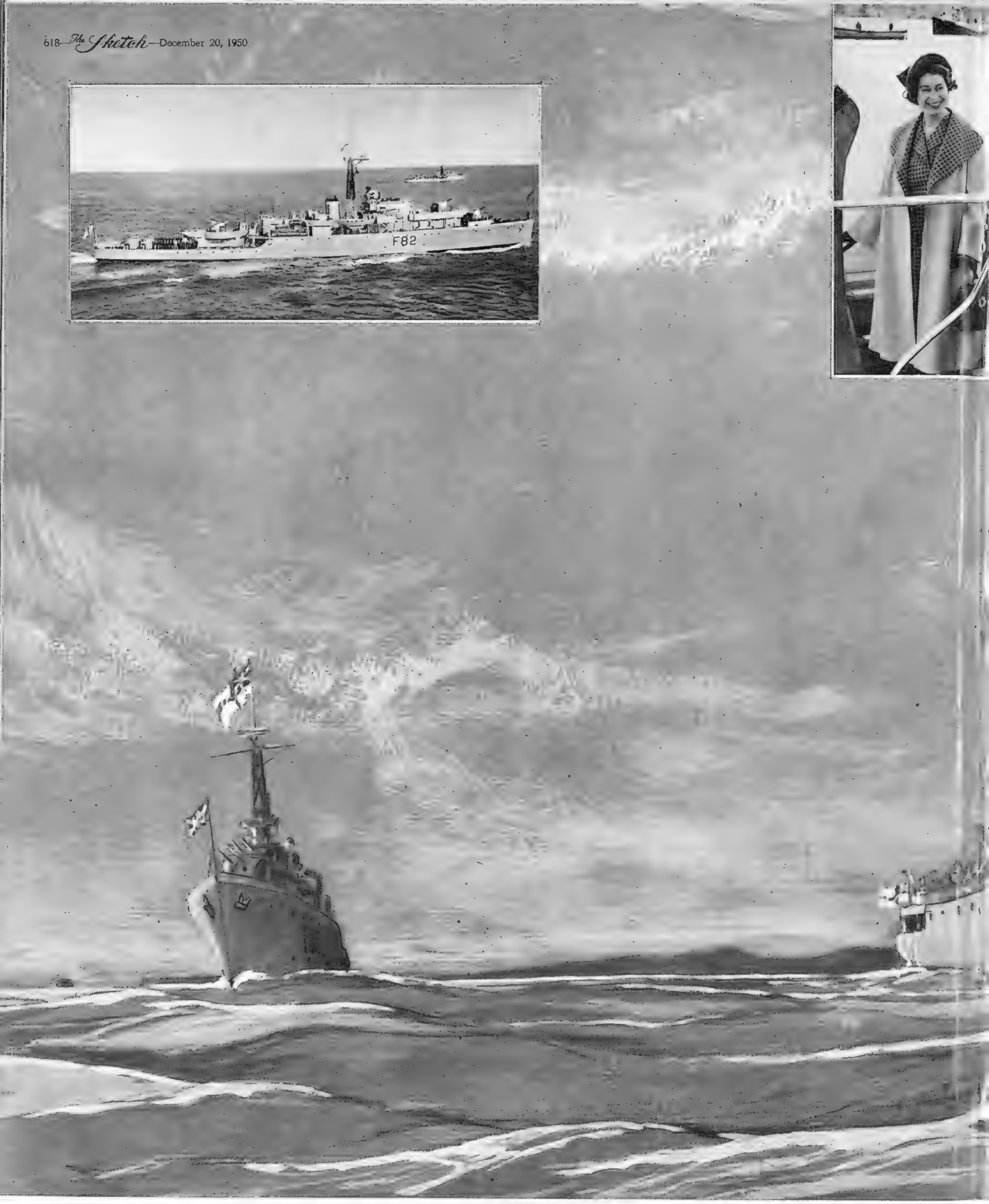
CAMERA COMMENDATION 1950

THIS collection of photographs was chosen by us and other judges from the many thousands taken in the year we are leaving behind us. They cover a range of subjects, and include probably one of the most popular of the year—*Brumas*.

REGIMENTATION. (Right.) "Wake up in the front there ! ", by D. L. Royle, won a prize in the *Encyclopædia Britannica's* "News Pictures of the Year." It shows Women's Land Army girls being drilled by the R.S.M. from Wellington Barracks.

PREPARATION. Another prize-winner in the "News Pictures of the Year" competition. Stanley Devon took this snapshot at the marriage of Lady Mary Cambridge and Mr. Peter Whitley at Kirtling.

ILLUMINATION. An impressive night picture of "the Rock": Shafts of brilliance from lit-up Gibraltar probe the Harbour waters, picking up the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Vengeance* lying at anchor with other ships of the Home Fleet.



A RIGHT ROYAL NAVAL OCCASION

ON the bright, sunny morning of Sunday, December 3, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth left Customs House steps, Grand Harbour, Malta, for her sea voyage to Greece, on a visit with Prince Philip to the King and Queen of the Hellenes. The Commander-in-Chief's barge in which the Princess embarked flew her Royal Standard, which was transferred on her arrival to the main of H.M.S. *Surprise* (Commander I. G. Steel). At 11.15 *Surprise* slipped from her buoy in Bighi Bay and steamed out of Grand Harbour, and at the same time the

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Peter Thornhill.

frigate H.M.S. *Magpie*—commanded by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh—and the destroyer *Chieftain* (Commander M. C. Giles) left Sliema Harbour for the entrance of Grand Harbour, to form escort on the port and starboard quarters of *Surprise*. The whole operation was carried out quietly and without full ceremony, but it adds a charming episode to our naval history, for never had an Heir to our Throne been escorted in such a way by her husband, commanding one of H.M. ships. From sketches made from the outer breakwater of Grand Harbour, our artist shows *Surprise* in the foreground, with *Magpie* on her starboard and *Chieftain* on her port quarter. *Surprise* wears the Princess's Royal Standard, and all ships are dressed with masthead ensigns, Jacks forward, ensigns aft. The inset photographs show: (left) *Magpie*, with *Chieftain* in the background, leaving Sliema; (centre) H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir John Edelsten, leaving Customs House, Grand Harbour; and (right) *Surprise*, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief's barge, leaving Grand Harbour.

AT THE THEATRE . .

Christmas Stagers

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM (Arts).
A loved piece of willow-pattern china.

GOODY TWO-SHOES (Casino).
Big-hearted Arthur Askey at the centre of a Littler pantomime.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES (Comedy).
Quickness of the hand deceives the eye. Matinées and some mornings.

THE GHOST TRAIN (Embassy).
Midnight again in the Cornish station of Fal Vale.

DICK WHITTINGTON ON ICE (Empire Pool, Wembley).
Just what it says.

BABES IN THE WOOD ON ICE (Empress Hall).
With Robin Hood.

THE SILVER CURLEW (Fortune).
Eleanor Farjeon—Clifton Parker children's fantasy: pure gold.

TOM ARNOLD'S CIRCUS (Harringay Arena).
All in a ring.

ALADDIN (King's, Hammersmith).
Twankey-land.

LET'S MAKE AN OPERA! (Lyric, Hammersmith).
And why not, indeed, especially with the Britten music.

THE BLACK ARROW (Old Vic: matinées from Boxing Day).
The best tushery—and in Stevenson's centenary year.

MILLS CIRCUS (Olympia).
Allez-oop!

BABES IN THE WOOD (Palladium).
Adele Dixon, Sonnie Hale, and friends.

ALI BABA (Players).
Old-style, but with Our Own Daphne Anderson.

MOTHER GOOSE (Princes).
Hy Hazell and a full pantomime party.

CHARLEY'S AUNT (Saville).
College life and tea-in-a-topper at St. Olde's.

TREASURE ISLAND (St. James's).
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

PETER PAN (Scala).
Back to the Never-Never-Never Land; Margaret Lockwood's second year.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS (Stoll).
St. George for Merrie Christmas!

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (Westminster).
The right sort of fantasy.

QUEEN OF HEARTS (Wimbledon).
Evelyn Laye and Bobby Howes.

★ First Choice ★

"TO DOROTHY, A SON"

(Savoy)

MYRTLE has, I think, reasons for complaint. After all, put yourself in her place. Here she is, having come all the way across the Atlantic to some spot "near Dorking" to rejoin the husband she had married in the Friendly Islands. True, they had been divorced in Bolivia; but Myrtle has discovered, bless her heart, that the papers were signed on the wrong line, and that somehow or other the witnesses have been divorced and she and Toni left married. This is admirable, because Myrtle's rich Uncle Joe has died, leaving a million dollars to Toni's son if born within a year of the testator's death. If there is no son, then Myrtle gets the money. . . . Or words to that effect: it is one of *those* plots, and if I have got it wrong I bow sadly to its author, Roger MacDougall.

This young dramatist has indeed got things into a pretty tangle for our benefit. Poor Myrtle arrives at the end of the year, and just before a son is due to be born to Toni's second wife, Dorothy. (I gather that the boy will qualify for the million dollars.) Toni is now, in spite of himself, a bigamist, or would be if it were not for the existence of the International Date Line. Don't ask me why this makes any difference; if you do I shall have to go into the question of Greenwich Mean Time. I can say only that these phenomena, between them, defeat our Myrtle, and if you have been putting yourself in her place (which is, I admit, difficult) you will realise that the whole thing is a raw deal. Or is it?

The first-night audience ceased to inquire into the plot but let it come like the jabberwock that whiffled through the tulgey wood and burbled as it came. Myrtle is Yolande Donlan; that should be enough for anyone. She is affectionate and wide-eyed. She trips about like a doll just wound up. To hear her observe: "Well, what d' ye know!" as the possibilities of Greenwich Mean Time unfold before her in all their richness and variety, is to hear (if you feel that way) Eve's first cry of delight at the wonders of Eden. Miss Donlan's is a lovely performance, and Richard Attenborough is always well up as the unhappy Toni who writes some of the worst music for the worst documentary films. We hear much but, until the last curtain, see nothing of Sheila Sim as Dorothy, who is off-stage in a queerly-sited bedroom. This farce might have been thoroughly unpleasant. As it is, it is the gayest bubble of invention. You will enjoy it if you go to the Savoy with the wide-eyed astonishment of Miss Donlan at each new revelation of the world's complexity.

Sheila Sim as Dorothy

Richard Attenborough as Toni Rigi

. with J. C. TREWIN

"RETURN TO TYASSI"

(Duke of York's)

WILL Martha Cotton (Martha Hubbard that was) return to Tyassi? At one point in Benn Levy's curious play—it would be towards the end of the second act—some of us wished that Martha would get on with it and bring the affair to an end. Until then the play had loitered moodily across the stage: the author, his own producer, was quite unable to accelerate. Tyassi, I must explain, is in Anatolia. Anthropologists are at work there on an important site; Martha's first husband, Hugo, had been one of them. She herself ached for London and the trivial round: soon after her child's birth she deserted Hugo and Tyassi and, to satisfy herself, built up a story of a cruel, selfish husband who had condemned her to live in desolate isolation. But she is in love with Hugo's memory: the fabrication cannot last. When he is dead, and his brother—who is much like him—has come, gauche and candid, to see Martha in Regent's Park, she brings out the whole truth, eases her mind in the flood of confession.

I felt that the evening belonged to Cecil Beaton, who has turned the Duke of York's into a happily theatrical theatre under a sparkling chandelier. On the stage, Constance Cummings moves herself with Martha's woes, but does not always convey them to us. Alexander Knox is steadiness itself as the Civil Servant husband who has his week-end and his life knocked to bits; and John Justin's forthrightness is correct for the man from Tyassi. Helen Haye, Tilsa Page and Geoffrey Dunn (in the odd part of an interior decorator) help a play that often badly needs helping.

★

"BLUE FOR A BOY"

(His Majesty's)

THERE is a majestic moment when Fred Emney moves into the room at Deauville, disguised as a patronising dowager with purring-mellow voice and wary eye. There is a moment less majestic when Richard Hearne, who (except for a female impersonation of his own) has been remarkably subdued, takes a superb swallow-dive through a cocktail-cabinet. The rest of the piece is not without its pleasures, especially when Mr. Emney is around like a softly-treading, cigar-scented elephant; but, to enjoy the evening (which is an old-fashioned musical version of *It's a Boy*) you have to accept it as a bunch of comic turns, and to bear with the padding. Austin Melford, the adaptor, is usually on hand; so, too, is Bertha Belmore. But it will be surprising if you remember much apart from Mount Emney and from that one leap of a Hearne the hunter who ought, I feel, to wear the wig of the lamented Mr. Pastry.

Next Stage

IT is good news that Linnit and Dunfee are to present Anouilh's *Ardèle* during the New Year, with Fay Compton and Peter Ustinov in the leading parts. I imagine that this strange piece will cause as much debate as *Point of Departure*. Michael Benthall produces: though I look forward to his handling of the piece in London, I shall always be grateful to Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and to the producer (Douglas Seale) and designer (Paul Shelving), who did so much there for a play that, wherever it is staged, is bound to be invigoratingly controversial.

FOUR SHAWS

Although the only London tribute to Shaw so far has been Martin Browne's admirably devised series of readings (in which such players as Wendy Hiller and Margaret Rawlings took part) at St. Pancras Town Hall, I hear of four Shavian revivals next year. John Clements and Kay Hammond propose to do *Man and Superman*; the Old Vic is staging *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*—not an expected choice; Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh will act together in *Cæsar and Cleopatra* during the Festival of Britain; and the New Boltons will revive *Saint Joan*. I had some correspondence with Shaw about reviewing for a London newspaper. "Reserve two or three pages for me," he wrote once—and that from a man then in his ninetieth year.

AT THE LANE

Stephen Douglass's labour permit has expired, and a young Canadian, Edmund Hockridge, is in his place as Billy Bigelow in *Carousel* at Drury Lane. There are some other changes in a play that has passed its 200th performance. Patricia Black now appears as Nettie Fowler; William Thorburn is the Enoch, Sally Gilmour the Louise, and Barbara Lee-Smith the Carrie Pipperidge.

CROWNED HEADS

Stratford-upon-Avon has an exciting programme next year, with four of the histories and a production of *The Tempest*. During the last months of the season, which begins on March 24, and ends on October 27, playgoers will be able to see a progress of *Richard the Second*, the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*: something very rare indeed on the British stage. Michael Redgrave is the leading man, Anthony Quayle is the Falstaff, and Richard Burton the Henry the Fifth. We expect notable things from Alan Badel and the young Cornish actress, Hazel Penwarden.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Jack Hylton and Greatrex Newman have the first London production of the year. The famous seaside revue, *The Fol-de-Rols* (by no means a concert party) will open at the St. Martin's Theatre on the evening of January 1.

ISN'T IT GRAND HAVING NO SERVANTS!

MUST YOU SLAM THAT DOOR?

In proper party spirit were: Rear-Admiral Eric Longley-Cook, Mrs. A. R. Kier, and husband Colonel A. R. Kier, U.S. Marine Corps.

From India: Captain A. K. Chatterji, Royal Indian Navy, and Mrs. Chatterji.

COCKTAILS AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE

NAVAL men of a number of countries converged on hospitable Admiralty House for a cocktail-party given last week and held annually by the Director of Naval Intelligence, Rear-Admiral E. W. Longley-Cook, by courtesy of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Hall.

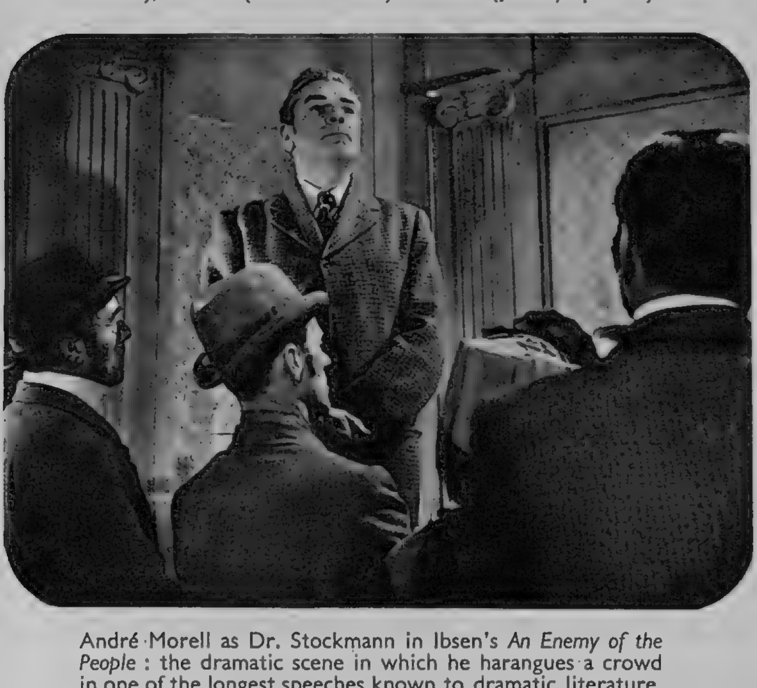
Left: Commander J. S. Kerans (of *Amethyst* fame) and Mrs. Kerans, with Commander C. S. Sheppard, R.N.

Admiral Quistgaard (left), of Denmark, shaking hands with Rear-Admiral D. S. Cornwell, of the U.S. Navy.

Admiring the heavily-gilded "fishy" furniture: Lord Hall, First Lord of the Admiralty, Captain (E) O. C. Clark, R.A.N., and Mrs. Clark, and Captain Perry, R.A.N.

Mr. Turnip, who keeps a careful and somewhat disapproving eye on everything that goes on around him in "Whirligig," a fortnightly magazine programme for the children, is here seen inspecting a secret vault.

Also in the children's programme was a shortened version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Here is the well-known scene between Oberon (John Warrington), Titania (Jill Fenson), Bottom (Robert Atkins) and Puck (Jeremy Spenser).



André Morell as Dr. Stockmann in Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*: the dramatic scene in which he harangues a crowd in one of the longest speeches known to dramatic literature.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

OUR attempt to get a preview of television's Yuletide Spirit, during the past fortnight, has not been without its surprises. Obviously one could not review the programmes scheduled for the festive period in advance. We have not yet become as corrupt as all that! But it occurred to us that if we went along to a rehearsal of this year's pantomime, *Cinderella*, we might perhaps feel the first breath of Ally Pally's contribution to the annual Goodwill to All Men. Surely there would be a little magic in the air? There wasn't. In point of fact, when we invaded the gymnasium that serves as a rehearsal room, the air was charged with the most down-to-earth emotions. Producer Walton Anderson, though he greeted us affably, looked as if he had just come from a busy hair-tearing session; author Gordon Crier was circulating with odd sheets of paper, which, we were assured, represented the "script"; while the company, who will doubtless dazzle everyone with their glamour on Boxing Night, were sitting around with that wooden expression which actors and actresses assume when there are lines to be memorised, songs to be learned and dances to be arranged.

Next we came to realise that everything was topsy-turvy. Jack Hulbert, who plays the wicked Baron, was being positively benign—as benign as he ever is at rehearsal, that is to say. Sally Ann Howes, who makes her debut in panto as Cinderella, instead of glass slippers was wearing a pair of very workmanlike fur-lined bootees. The Prince, Kathleen Moody, we found rather worried about her femininity. Up to now she has never been a Principal Boy, though she has acted the part of Cinderella in previous years. The transition to a hearty cavalier is embarrassing her no end. To continue this crazy state of affairs, we spotted two ladies who were looking far more chic than anyone else. They were two old chums of ours, Doris Rogers and Diana Morrison, the Ugly Sisters! Add to all this the chairs that represented the scenery, the gimcrack piano clattering out the music, the "fairies," in practice dress—somewhat hot with their exertions—and you will see why we concluded that the land of make-believe was still somewhere around the next corner.

LET us now turn our attention to that other realm of fantasy which is featuring more and more in television's schedule—the ballet. This is a form of art that presents some very acute problems of screen presentation. Broadly speaking, the producer is left with a choice of getting the whole scene into the camera, in which case the figures become unrecognisable midgets, or, in close-up, to cut off either the top or the bottom half of a dancer. We are referring, of course, to the presentation of classical ballet, not those which are specially designed for the medium. We asked Philip Bate, who is chiefly responsible for this type of programme, how he resolved these headaches. "You can get over them in two ways," he replied. "The first is a matter of mechanics. By that I mean a rearrangement of a ballet to suit television. But you can't do that with some of the more sacrosanct classical works, which are traditional, like *Swan Lake*. In that case you need the psychological approach. The eye is a very selective organ. When watching a ballet, it will take in the whole scene or focus on the face, arms or legs of a single dancer, depending on the mood of the moment. I try to make the camera do exactly the same thing and cut from long-shot to close-up, according to the requirements of the scene."

Incidentally, we would like to congratulate Mr. Bate on his present series, "Ballet for Beginners," which is a most happy blend of instruction and entertainment. Felicity Gray administers the academic pill in a charming and painless manner, while among the talented dancers one singles out two youngsters, Domini Callaghan and David Blair, who have real star quality.

The subject of ballet brings us to a newly-formed and unique film company, called M.D.B.C. Films, Ltd. Lest we should be accused of treading on Miss Lejeune's territory, it must be explained that this company is in being for the purpose of making films for television in America and, possibly, in this country. It is unique because of the names represented by those initials: Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, Jack Buchanan, and TV producer Henry Caldwell. If that isn't unique in the way of film companies, we would like to know what is. The Grand Moguls of Wardour Street have nothing to do with it, as the entire capital has been provided by these four.

Two scenes from the classical ballet *Giselle*, which has been filmed "for export." Here Albrecht (Anton Dolin) supports the dying Giselle (Alice Markova) at the close of Act I.

In Act II. Giselle has become a willi, an earth-bound spirit For a brief moment she and Albrecht are allowed to re-unite. This film is to be shown on American commercial television.

The plan is to make a series of short films of the classical ballets, like *Swan Lake*, *Casse Noisette* and *Petrouchkha*, starring the Markova-Dolin team. These will all be carefully timed to run for just under thirty minutes, so that they can have the "commercials" added to them for the American public. We watched the first of the series, *Giselle*, being filmed, and predict it to be a winner. The music has been beautifully recorded by Sir Malcolm Sargent, with the London Symphony Orchestra; and Barry Learoyd, on loan from Alexandra Palace, has given his fertile imagination free rein with an exciting décor. Henry Caldwell, of course, directs, while Jack Buchanan is providing a spoken commentary on the involved story. So good luck to your brave venture, M., D., B. and C. May your Dancing for Dollars have the success it deserves.

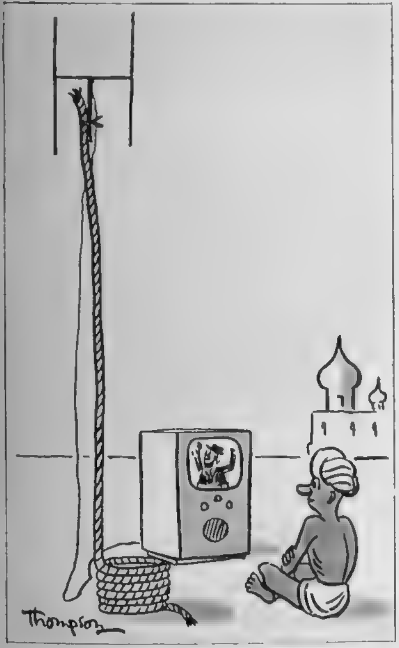
RELUCTANTLY, but by duty bound, we leave these pleasant topics and come to juvenile delinquency. It provided the subject for the first of five new programmes: "The Course of Justice." This "Juvenile Court" was one of the finest things television has ever done. For over an hour the screen became a window through which one overlooked such a court, "somewhere in London." Through it, one saw pass the pageant of adolescent misdemeanour, sometimes humorous, generally saddening and, at moments, utterly sordid. The cases the onlooker saw being tried were disguised versions of actual ones taken from police files. The magistrate, court officials, witnesses and offenders were represented by professional actors. Yet, had the programme come from some O.B. unit, recording a juvenile court in actual session, it could not have been more convincing than this reproduction. The credit goes to a brilliant example of team-work between producer Ian Atkins and script-writer Duncan Ross. The cast numbered sixty or more, and not one of them put a foot wrong. Impossible to hand them individual bouquets, but we must single out Walter Hudd for his sympathetic performance as the presiding magistrate.

LET us return to a lighter vein—this time to opera. It is a welcome sign that television is giving us this sort of thing more frequently, for we hope, one day, to see the major works done—yes, even the monumental "Ring" cycle. Why not? Meanwhile, George R. Foa's production of Puccini's one-act *Il Tabarro* was a most successful pointer to the way. Natural acting, usually the weak spot of opera singers, was the keynote of the performances of John Hargreaves, as the Seine bargee, and Jennifer Vyvyan, as his wife. And they also sang superbly.

The principal event of the past period's drama was Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, adapted by Walter Rilla and most ably produced by Campbell Logan. The occasion was chiefly noteworthy for a brilliant character study by Edward Chapman of dyspeptic, embittered Peter Stockmann.

But, as this is a season of jollity, we freely confess that we derived more enjoyment from the potted version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which was broadcast in the Children's Programme. Rightly it concentrated on the hilarious sub-plot of the rehearsal and production of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, by Bottom, Quince and their fellow craftsmen. This gave Robert Atkins and Harcourt Williams a thoroughly-taken excuse for some delicious fooling.

To end, we intrude a personal note: A very happy Christmas to you all.



OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Duncan Ross, script-writer (left), and Ian Atkins, producer (right), for a brilliant example of teamwork in "Juvenile Court," the first of a new series of documentary programmes—"The Course of Justice"—dealing with juvenile delinquency.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

PIERRE LACHEZE, for his rapid assembling of a Paris "creation" with three pins, a yard or so of satin, and a patent leather belt.

OUT of these somewhat scanty ingredients (plus two diamond flowers worth 3,000,000 francs) Pierre turns out a gown so *chic* that some fashionable Parisiennes will pay from 15,000 to 20,000 francs to hire one for a night. Pierre never uses more than three yards of material.

CAMILLA WICKS, for being "the girl Menuhin the movies missed."

WITH all their munificent screen offers the tempters of Hollywood failed dismally to move Californian Camilla, who prefers to devote her life to the violin. She 's said to be "the world's most beautiful violinist," and she is shown with her valuable "Strad." shortly after her arrival in London from Stockholm, where she had been giving a series of concerts.

RATU (Chief) SIR LALA SUKUNA, of Fiji, for presenting a whale of a symbol of friendship to the K.R.R.C.

AT a special ceremony on behalf of the Fiji Infantry Regiment of which Sir Lala (Secretary of Fijian Foreign Affairs) is Honorary Colonel, he presented to Major-General H. O. Curtis, Colonel Commandant of the K.R.R.C., a whale's tooth (tambua) as a symbol of friendship to commemorate the affiliation of the two regiments.

MR. HARRY HALLOWS, for finding at last something else to put into bottles besides ships.

TIRED of the everlasting ships in bottles, says this retired Worcestershire farmer, he is putting in miniature circus models instead. He does it for pleasure, not for profit. But it is possible that his collection may find a place in the corner for eccentrics which will form part of the "British Character and Genius" Pavilion at the Festival of Britain next year.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

ROGER MacDOUGALL,

for his remarkable theatrical hat-trick.

1950 has been a year of unusual success for this brand-new playwright, who has had his first three plays staged in London. *MacAdam and Eve*, produced at Kew, will probably come to the West End in the New Year. *The Gentle Gunman* had a successful month at the Arts Theatre. And, completing the hat-trick, *To Dorothy, A Son* is a smash-hit at the Savoy, with Richard Attenborough, Yolande Donlan, Sheila Sim.

"CINDERELLA"—Walt Disney mixture-as-before of fun, pathos, sugar and spice, magic and reality, in Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS *by* C. A. LEJEUNE

"CINDERELLA"

ALTHOUGH the feast of Christmas turns up again and again as an incidental "heart-tug" in pictures, and we have seen most of the glamorous stars, at some time or other, struggling through the snow laden with Christmas parcels, or festooning a tree with fairy lights and tinsel, while the Celestial Chorus obliged with the strains of "Silent Night" on the sound-track; although Christmas scenes are regularly used to point up family reunions and bring a lump into the throat of the susceptible spectator, the cinema, unlike the theatre, has never made a habit of producing what might be termed *seasonable* entertainment. This is not really surprising, since it is the nature of the cinema that its products, to recoup their initial cost, must be able to be shown at any season of the year.

To be sure, there was that delightful little Australian film, made with a cast almost entirely composed of children, and called *A Bush Christmas*; there have been several versions of *A Christmas Carol*; there was *Peter Pan* once, long ago, and also *Alice in Wonderland*, and there have been several jolly holiday shows like *The Wizard of Oz* and *Treasure Island*—though not enough of them.

The nearest the cinema has ever come to a regular Christmas entertainment has been provided by Walt Disney. There have been few Christmas holidays since 1937—when *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, the first full-length cartoon, was shown to a startled and delighted public—without some Disney picture to draw crowds of excited children and confident grown-ups daily to some London theatre. The promise has been kept again, and this year we have *Cinderella*. What could be nicer? I suppose there are few people who would dispute that the centuries-old Glass Slipper story is the fairy-tale of all fairy-tales.

It is good news that Disney has gone back to a picture that is all cartoon, without the disenchanting sight of a single human face to spoil the make-believe. *Cinderella* is pure draughtsmanship, in the old *Snow White* tradition, with half-a-dozen *tuney* little tunes, and a whole new gallery of entrancing animal portraits. It is true that, as in *Snow White*, the drawn human figures are the weakest part of the business, and that even the most ingenious animation cannot hide their stiffness, but the children, I fancy, will not worry unduly, and the spell is never wholly broken.

The animals are as fetching as anything Disney has ever done, and there will be thousands of friends in particular for the eager little mice, the birds, the farmyard nag, and the dog *Bruno*—obviously a pup from the same stock as our old favourite, *Pluto*. The Technicolor is as pretty as ever, and the whole film is just the right mixture of fun and pathos sugar and spice, magic and reality, with the proper suggestion of something that happened, as Disney is careful to tell us, "once upon a time in a faraway land."

★

"THE NAKED HEART"

PRETTY as a Christmas-card is *The Naked Heart*, the film that the critics despised. Oh, yes, they despised it, and said so in no uncertain terms. The big frost nipped *The Naked Heart*, and it came off within a week. The more I think about that hasty withdrawal, the sadder I feel it to have been.

The great quality of *The Naked Heart*, the thing that marks it off from all other films, giving it a special atmosphere and a specially remote and secret feeling, is that it is played in the snow; and almost all of it is played in the snow. Snow blankets practically every scene of the film: relentless, muffling snow that buries and kills, or kind, crisp, lovely snow that glistens and adorns. The film was made by a French director, Marc Allegret, for a British company, with a mixed British, French and Irish cast (Kieron Moore, Michele Morgan, Françoise Rosay, Jack Watling, Philippe Lemaire, sort them out as you please). Much of it was shot in Austria, a technical point out of which much has been made. But to my mind it is utter childishness to start an argument about the nationality of a field of snow. Austrian snow looks awfully like Canadian snow, and so long as a Canadian scene suggests a Canadian scene, and a model of Quebec doesn't look like a *model* of Quebec, where in the world is the difference?

The Naked Heart is markedly French in conception. And why not? The story was born in the womb of French Canada. Translated into English, it seems curiously foreign and embarrassingly gauche. I honestly believe that if this film had been made with a French sound-track, and shown as a foreign-language film in specialised London theatres, it might have brought in the British customers with quite a rush. Someone has made an initial blunder, but that is no reason why the blunder should be perpetuated. I may be quite alone in my plea, but I beg the exhibitors to give this barracked film another chance. It is no more possible to hate it than you would hate an old-fashioned Christmas-card.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"THE CLOUDED YELLOW."—Jean Simmons and Trevor Howard are kept on the run through London, Newcastle, the Lake District and the Liverpool Docks, on account of a murder that somebody else committed. Lively, extravagant melodrama, and don't bother your head about its symbols.

"TO PLEASE A LADY."—Clark Gable graduates as a racing driver from little cars to big cars, all for the sake of Barbara Stanwyck. Possibly the noise will keep you awake.

"THE MAN ON THE EIFFEL TOWER."—Charles Laughton as a monstrous distortion of Simenon's Inspector Maigret, in a murder story shot in Paris, with Franchot Tone and Burgess Meredith. If most of the cast look as though they were suffering from acute nausea, it *might* be the colour system, an unfamiliar one in England.

"SHE SHALL HAVE MURDER."—Rosamund John and Derrick de Marney appear to enjoy themselves no end in solving a crime between passages of badinage.

"TRIPOLI."—Maureen O'Hara as a houri helps John Payne as a lieutenant to make an earlier Libya safe for democracy, in a story best told to the Marines.

"THE NAKED HEART"—Pretty, naïve, foolishly simple and yet a refreshing change. Michele Morgan, seen in picture, has the leading rôle with Kieron Moore and Françoise Rosay.

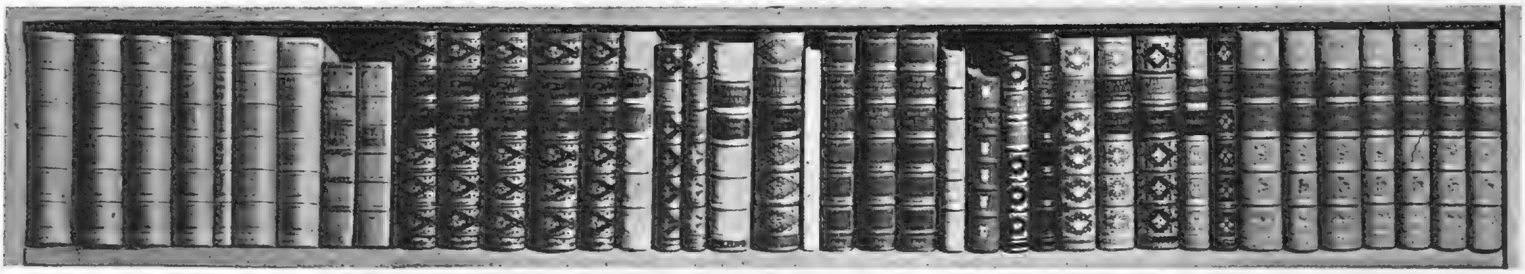
CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

"KIM" is taken from Rudyard Kipling's classic tale of India of the 1880's. The story concerns a small white boy, Kim, who is really the orphan of a British sergeant and a regimental nursemaid but poses as a Hindu, and his various adventures during a native uprising. Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell and Paul Lukas have the leading parts. We are due to see the film at the Empire, Leicester Square, in the New Year.

On the Right is Kim (Dean Stockwell) in his native disguise, with the girl, Lalull (Laurette Luez).

Below: Mahbub Ali the Red Beard (Errol Flynn; left) teaches Kim (centre) to spy and carry messages for him.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

HOW TO BE A CELEBRITY. By Milton Shulman. (*Reinhardt and Evans ; 10s. 6d.*)
THE WORLD IS A BRIDGE. By Christine Weston. (*Collins ; 9s. 6d.*)
THE PEACOCK. By Jon Godden. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)
DESIRE WITHOUT CONTENT. By James Courage. (*Constable ; 10s. 6d.*)

MILTON SHULMAN'S collection of 28 gay and penetrating portraits of famous people, a number of which have already appeared as *Sketch* "Candid Cameos," has an unfortunate title which is explained away amusingly but quite inadequately in a preliminary sketch by the author. It tells no one how to become a celebrity; it doesn't even tell the reader how the sitters for these portraits did so. And its title will make shy, ambitious people hide it when they are reading the book in public places. But it will be a pity if this affects its popularity, for it is excellent of its kind. I say "of its kind," for such collections are in a legitimate, a recognised *genre* which Frank Harris popularised half a century ago, and Coulson Kernahan, Gerald Cumberland, Beverley Nichols, and others have maintained. Mr. Shulman's subjects are divertingly various and topical. He leaps from the company of T. S. Eliot to that of Mae West, from Hermione Gingold to Bertrand Russell, from Epstein to Joe Louis apparently without effort. He means his readers first to see his victim, then to know him, or at least to know more of him than they did before. Unlike other writers in this field, he never thrusts himself into the picture or colours his work with his own prejudices. It is impossible to tell, for instance, whom he likes and admires most in his gallery, and his intuition and good taste are faultless. Vicky's caricatures are witty, sometimes a mite cruel, but never spiteful. My only regret is the omission of the familiar "*Who . . . Me?*"

AT last! Two good books about India. It is strange that, although the sub-continent has tantalised and attracted English writers ever since the eighteenth century, there are a scant half-dozen important novels which owe inspiration to it, and of these the most superficially effective, like *Passage to India*, "wear" less well, in India itself, than the more traditional, like *Kim*. It is strange, too, that the novelists of the nineteenth century, even the Anglo-Indian Thackeray, turned invariably westward when they wanted an exotic background, and used India only, as in *The Newcomes*, as a place from which certain usually humorous characters had come and to which these characters owed eccentricities of appearance or disposition. Lately there have been a good many streakily readable stories set in India, but nothing, of recent years, as authentic and natural as a new novel by Christine Weston, *The World is a Bridge*. It is not, I am afraid, an "important," a "great" or a tremendously significant book, but it is a good story about real, unexaggerated people who behave in a credible way and while never ceasing to be Indians, with all the delightful and exasperating characteristics of their race, or races, yet have that touch of the universal which makes them interesting as characters in a novel. The weak, attractive young Maharajah Vikram and his compelling mother, the thoughtful fastidious Firoze, his Muslim friend, and Anand the Hindu painter, are all of much the same age, and their mixed relationships fluctuate and finally provide a denouement to the story. But it is in Kiran, the wife of the last of these, that Miss Weston's finest achievement lies. Here is a Hindu woman who never ceases to be just that, who does not in moments of crisis become suddenly Occidental or spuriously primitive, whose reactions and emotions are of her kind, and yet who emerges as a complete human being. This as a portrayal is, I think, unique.

BETWEEN this book and Miss Jon Godden's *The Peacock* the only point in common is that both are set in India. It would be hard to find two novels more different in intention, for Miss Godden's characters are the mimes of Greek drama compared with the shrewdly-studied human beings of the other. They have names, it is true, and carefully listed qualities and appearances, and their past experience is remembered and chronicled, but they are in one dimension only, and move like shadows across the richly-tinted background of Assam. As in her previous book, *The House by the Sea*, Miss Godden shows her creativeness and courage as a poet might by the manipulation of words and ideas rather than by their mere employment, and the effect is of a beautifully designed frieze.

The story itself is only part of this pattern which includes the beasts of the jungle, its trees and insects, its flowers, foliage, birds, dangers, atmosphere and loveliness. This story is of an attempt by five people to re-create something which had been dear to them before the war—their annual hunting camp in the jungles of Assam. They come to it with some misgivings, and their stay in it is not without violence, even death. But it is in describing the life about them, the cruel and beautiful jungle, that the author is most successful. Hers is a very unusual talent and a very individual one and she leaves one as eager to see where it will lead her as one felt after reading *The House by the Sea*.

MR. JAMES COURAGE also has an unusual talent—that of creating something which is his own, unpropped and uninfluenced by the merely contemporary. It is not by chance, one feels, that on his penultimate page one of his characters speaks of "the monkey-house competition of cities," a telling phrase in its context. There is about his work an isolation which reminds one of Charlotte Brontë, and although his detached observation of human passions becomes at times almost prim, he writes with a compensating lucidity. The story is a rather terrible one, of a woman of profound faith whose son is of sub-normal intelligence. One watches aghast the events on a lonely sheep farm in the New Zealand hills, where an English girl is persuaded to marry the son, Lewis Kendal, and where afterwards there is a macabre and violent tragedy. The mother, left alone by the results of this, clinging to her strange beliefs, is a genuinely tragic figure. Indeed "genuine" is the word for this book, which might so easily have been artificial or melodramatic.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE FLOATING DUTCHMAN.
By Nicolas Bentley. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)

I find English gangsterism a painfully unconvincing milieu. This is tough night-club and murder stuff in the Cheyney tradition.

MARCO POLO.
By Maurice Collis. (*Faber ; 8s. 6d.*)

A biography designed and executed to be read by the young as well as adult readers. Clearly and colourfully told.

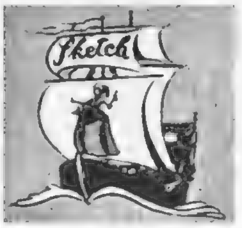
PLUNDER OF THE SUN.
By David Dodge. (*Michael Joseph ; 8s. 6d.*)

An American agent having adventures in a strictly fictional South America. Everything very fast-moving and slick. Of its rather shallow kind, high rating.

A CALENDAR OF COUNTRY RECEIPTS.
By Nell Heaton. (*Faber ; 16s.*)

Most good recipes nowadays must be more nostalgic than practical, and Miss Heaton's, which are *very* good, are unfortunately no exception. Her wines and conserves, even her chutneys and pickles, seem often to demand in their bland way so many pounds of sugar or of some other commodity unobtainable in the quantities needed. But there are things here which any country-dweller can achieve, and with the wartime Emancipation of Man, who is now almost as much at home in the kitchen as Woman, it is not merely a housewife's book. I am not going to be parted from my copy.

"WITH BEST WISHES"



IF you have not yet settled all your Christmas presents, especially for your friends overseas, and are in search of a last-minute gift a little out of the ordinary, you will find that a year's subscription to *The Sketch* will be very much appreciated.

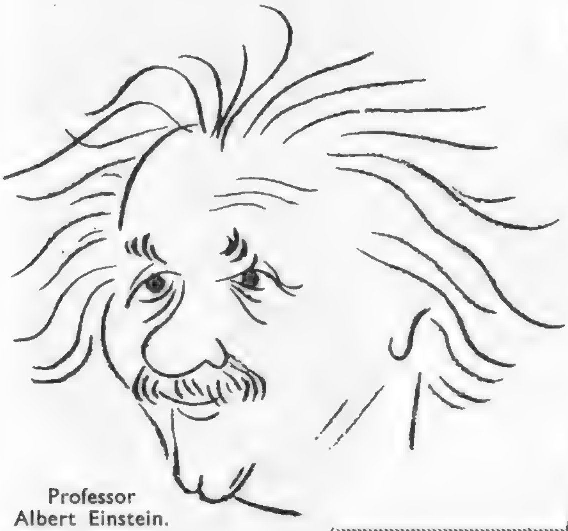
Each fortnight as the new copy arrives the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home in Britain.

Orders for subscriptions for *The Sketch* to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, *The Sketch*, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the price of the subscription—Canada: £2 7s. 6d.; elsewhere abroad: £2 10s.

America's
Acheson.

Britain's Bevin.

U.S.S.R.'s Vyshinsky.

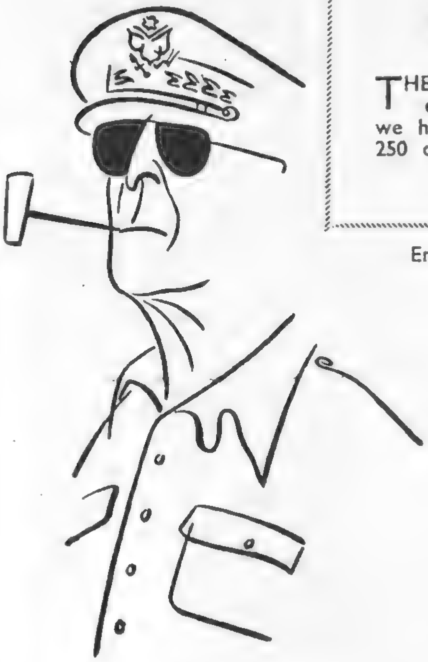


Professor
Albert Einstein.

Gertrude Lawrence.

AS BERGER SEES THEM

THERE'S hardly a face of global renown which has escaped the facile pencil of Oscar Berger. Here we have chosen from *Famous Faces*, his book of 250 caricatures, just published by Hutchinson at 10s. 6d., a few of those we like best.



General Douglas MacArthur.

Emlyn Williams.

Robert Newton.

Field-Marshal
Viscount Montgomery.

TEEN AGE TAILORING

by Elizabeth Penrose

TRANSITION from youngster to young lady is not at the best of times easy, but by wearing the right clothes a girl is halfway to achieving the poise she hasn't yet got. Aquascutum of Regent Street handle "teen" clothes with imagination and understanding. Here are three of their basic winter coats ideal to launch a grown-up wardrobe. All of them retail for £8 3s. 6d.

Up Top: A grey herringbone fitted coat with a black velvet collar, best worn with one of the new velvet berets; a whipcord double-breasted classic, adjusted to any waistline by buckled side belts.

Right: An all-the-year-rounder casual in soft Scotch tweed with buttoned cuffs and a ticket pocket.

THE WINTER BRIDE

by Elizabeth Penrose

WEDDINGS are by no means rare in the cold, bitter months of winter, and although the weather may not be all that you could wish to have, the choice of your wedding gown and of your trousseau remains with you and can be as bright and cheerful as you like to make it.

Liberty of Regent Street will make you a bridal dress in the great tradition like this one of white satin, brocaded with a lily-of-the-valley motif in true Botticelli-like delicacy and richness. The crinoline trails into a slight train. It costs £22 10s., and the stiffened half-slip can be made to your measure for £1 10s.

The little orange-blossom wreath is from Liberty millinery department and costs 35s.

Treasures for your trousseau can be found in abundance here. Liberty specialise in that delicate kind of fine nylon lingerie that looks as if it would break like a spider's web. But it carries with it a reputation for long wear and easy tubbing, it dries in a jiffy, and can be screwed into your suit-case for hours without creasing. Lots of it is hand-made. There are matched sets of nylon nighties and negligées; there are novelty nylon weaves; nylon chiffons; "bubble nylons"—some in a heavenly new shade of mushroom grey.

Another treasure to find is one of the Liberty hand-printed wool dressing-gowns (from 14 to 16 guineas). They, too, pack without crushing and are in charming colourings.

LITERATURE.—Christine Weston: For a good novel set in India—*The World is a Bridge.*

RADIO.—Lionel Hale, a great name in radio as quizmaster and critic: For his wise and delightful comedy—*She Passed Through Lorraine.*

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

STAGE.—Yolande Donlan: For the way in which she expresses the incredulous amazement of the Myrtle-in-Wonderland who is at the heart of *To Dorothy, A Son*, Roger MacDougall's Savoy Theatre farcical comedy.

SCREEN.—Philippe Lemaire: A new, young French actor in *The Naked Heart*, whose first appearance on a British screen brought the film to life and set half the critics furtively snapping lighters to discover his name on the programme.

8 Academy Award winners bring to the GAUMONT,
Haymarket a brilliant film all about the theatre
"all about eve"
'A'
Darryl F. Zanuck presents BETTE DAVIS · ANNE BAXTER · GEORGE SANDERS · CELESTE HOLM
in ALL ABOUT EVE with GARY MERRILL · HUGH MARLOWE · Thelma Ritter · Marilyn Monroe · Gregory Ratoff
Barbara Bates · Walter Hampden · Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK Written for the Screen and Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
An IMPORTANT Announcement!
For a picture so unusual - in quality, in entertainment stature, in scope - it must be seen from the beginning for your fullest enjoyment.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

John Ely, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur **Littleton**, of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., and Cecily, daughter of Sir Charles and Lady **Darwin**, of Newnham Grange, Cambridge.

Captain Lionel Castletown **Connolly**, son of the late Lt.-Col. W. E. G. Connolly and Mrs. Connolly, of Findon, Sussex, and Susan Mary, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. V. S. Laurie, of the Old Vicarage, South Weald, Brentwood, Essex.

John Selwyn Brooke **Lloyd**, C.B.E., K.C., M.P., son of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Lloyd, of Hoylake, Cheshire, and Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland **Marshall**, of West Kirby, Cheshire.

John Andrew, only son of Sir Andrew **Caldecott**, C.B.E., of Pier Point, Itchenor, Chichester, and of the late Lady Caldecott, and Zita, daughter of Mrs. Stella **Belloc**, of The Little House, Itchenor, and of the late Mr. Peter Belloc.

Captain Philip Digby **Pauncefort-Duncombe**, Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir Everard Pauncefort-Duncombe, Bt., D.S.O., and Lady Pauncefort-Duncombe, of Brickhill Manor, Bletchley, and Rachel Moyra, daughter of Major and Mrs. H. G. **Aylmer**, of 44, Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.

Richard **Coke**, D.S.O., M.C., of The High House, Weasenham, Norfolk, son of Major the Hon. Richard Coke and the Hon. Mrs. Doreen Coke, and Molly **Fletcher**, of Diana Lodge, Bryanston, Dorset, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Townshend Fletcher.

Major John Hamilton **Palairet**, son of the late Major C. A. H. Palairet, and of Mrs. Palairet, Westhill, Ledbury, Herefordshire, and Anne Marjorie, daughter of Major and Mrs. A. H. **Bibby**, Tilstone Lodge, Tarporley, Cheshire.

Keith Everard George **Chenevix-Trench**, son of the late Mr. L. G. Chenevix-Trench, and of Mrs. Sweeting, of Ratton Barn, Willingdon, Sussex, and Bridget **O'Brien**, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. K. R. O'Brien, of Barfield, Le Brun Road, Eastbourne.

Captain Peter Beresford **Gorst**, M.C., The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Gorst, of Friern Lodge, Talbot Road, Oxton, Birkenhead, and Anne Katharine, daughter of his Honour Hubert **Hull**, C.B.E., of 59, Campden Hill Road, London, W.8, and the late Mrs. Hull.

Deryk Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry **Arkell**, of Sanford House, Swindon, and Gillian Mary, daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. **Brown**, of the Manor House, Aldbourne, Wilts.

Frank Eric Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. **Le Bas**, of 22, Sun Lane, Harpenden, Herts, and Priscilla, daughter of Sir Chandos **Hoskyns-Abrahall**, of Nigeria, and Clare Lady Abrahall, of Greenaway House, Wheathampstead, Herts.

The Hon. Joseph **Watson**, only son of Lord Manton, of Plumpton Place, Sussex, and Alathea, Lady Manton, and Mary Elizabeth (Mimi), daughter of Major and Mrs. T. D. **Hallinan**, Ashbourne, Glounthaune, Co. Cork.

SPORT

RACING

Dec. 21.		Wincanton.
,,	26.	Sedgefield, Wetherby, Wincanton.
,,	26-27.	Kempton, Market Rasen, Wolverhampton.
,,	29-30.	Cheltenham.
,,	30.	Hurst Park.
Jan. 1.		Hurst Park.
,,	1-2.	Manchester.
,,	2-3.	Ayr.
,,	3.	Plumpton.
,,	4.	Stratford-on-Avon.
,,	5-6.	Haydock and Windsor.

HUNT BALLS

Dec. 22: The Oakley Hunt Ball in the Great Hall of Bedford School.

Dec. 29: The Hampshire Hunt Wire Fund Ball at the Guildhall, Winchester. The New Forest Buckhound Hunt Ball at the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth. The Blackmore Vale Hunt Ball at the Boys' School, Sherborne.

Jan. 5: The Surrey Union Hunt Ball at the Dorking Halls. The Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Ball at Wotton House, Aylesbury. The Dartmoor Hunt Ball at Alston Hall. The Rufford Hunt Ball at Thoresby House. The Whaddon Chase Hunt Ball at Bletchley. The Old Berks Hunt Ball in the Officers' Mess, Brize Norton Aerodrome. The South and West Wilts Hunt Ball at Fonthill House, Tisbury.

ENTERTAINMENT

Here we offer suggestions and information about Christmas holiday entertainments for different age-groups.

PANTOMIMES AND CIRCUSES

Bertram Mills's Circus at Olympia on Dec. 19.

"Dick Whittington on Ice" (Empire Pool, Wembley)—with a cast of international skating and pantomime stars. Dec. 19.

"Goody Two Shoes" (London Casino)—with Arthur Askey. Dec. 20.

"Beauty and the Beast" (Westminster)—a Christmas fairy story. About Dec. 20.

Tom Arnold's 4th annual Mammoth Circus show at Harringay. Dec. 21.

"Charley's Aunt" (Saville)—34th London season. Dec. 21.

"Babes in the Wood on Ice" (Empress Hall, Earls Court). Dec. 21.

"Peter Pan" (Scala)—Margaret Lockwood again as Peter. Dec. 21.

"The Silver Curlew" (Fortune)—Eleanor Farjeon's fairy-story. Dec. 22.

"Babes in the Wood" (Palladium)—with Adele Dixon, Jewel and Warriss, and Sonnie Hale. Dec. 23.

"Mother Goose" (Princes)—with Ethel Revnell, Hy Hazell and Billy Russell. Dec. 23.

"Aladdin" (King's, Hammersmith)—with Clarkson Rose. Dec. 23.

"Where the Rainbow Ends" (Stoll)—matinées only. Dec. 23.

"The Black Arrow" (Old Vic)—by Robert Louis Stevenson. Dec. 26.

"Maskelyne's Mysteries" (Comedy)—from Dec. 26.

"The Christmas Tree" (New Boltons)—from Jan. 2.

TEEN-AGE SHOWS

"Take It From Us" (Adelphi)—Joy Nichols, Jimmy Edwards and Dick Bentley, in revue.

"Ace of Clubs" (Cambridge)—Noël Coward's musical thriller, with Pat Kirkwood and Graham Payn.

"Worm's Eye View" (Comedy)—comedy about R.A.F. types; London's longest run.

"Carousel" (Drury Lane) — the famous Rodgers and Hammerstein musical from Broadway.

"Seagulls Over Sorrento" (Apollo)—comedy about sailors; with Ronald Shiner and William Hartnell.

"The Holly and the Ivy" (Duchess) — interesting Christmas family play, with Jane Baxter, Daphne Arthur and Herbert Lomas.

"Ring Round the Moon" (Globe)—a sophisticated fairy story, with Margaret Rutherford, Claire Bloom and Paul Scofield.

"King's Rhapsody" (Palace)—Ivor Novello's musical romance.

"Dear Miss Phœbe" (Phœnix)—period musical adapted from J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street."

"His Excellency" (Piccadilly)—Eric Portman as an ex-docker who becomes Governor of an island.

"Will Any Gentleman?" (Strand)—Robertson Hare and Arthur Riscoe.

"Reluctant Heroes" (Whitehall)—farce about National Service in the Army.

"Blue for a Boy" (His Majesty's)—a musical romp with Fred Emney, Richard Hearne and Austin Melford.

"Lady Precious Stream" (Arts)—a four-week season until Jan. 7.

"The Ghost Train" (Embassy, Swiss Cottage)—with Desmond Walter Ellis. Dec. 21-Jan. 7.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: the Opera season continues. On Dec. 21 the first performance of "The Queen of Spades"; with costumes and scenery by Oliver Messel, produced by Michael Benthall and conducted by Erich Kleiber.

At Sadler's Wells: The opera season continues.

At the Lyric, Hammersmith: "Let's Make an Opera," by Benjamin Britten. Until Jan. 27.

BALLET

At Sadler's Wells: The ballet season continues with performances on Tuesday evenings and Saturday matinées, and an extra matinée on Dec. 27.

ART

At the Royal Academy, Burlington House: Holbein and other Masters of the 16th and 17th Centuries.

At the Victoria and Albert: Games and Pastimes.

Aspects of British Art, 1950, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18, Dover Street, W.1.

Paintings and Watercolours by Contemporary Artists, at Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street.

Recent Paintings by Robert Colquhoun, at Lefevre Gallery, 30, Bruton Street. Until Dec. 30.

A Cross Section of Watercolours and Drawings, at Roland Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street.

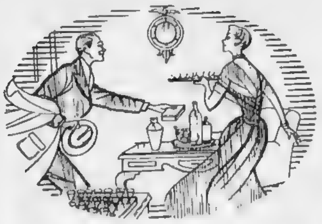
SOCIAL EVENTS

The Cornwall County Ball will be held at the Carlyon Bay Hotel, St. Austell, on Jan. 2.

A Ball in aid of the Hampshire Red Cross will be held at Dogmersfield House, Hampshire, on Jan. 5.

The Pineapple Ball will be held at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys, on Jan. 10.

The "Blue Bird" children's fancy-dress party will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Jan. 11. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, will attend.



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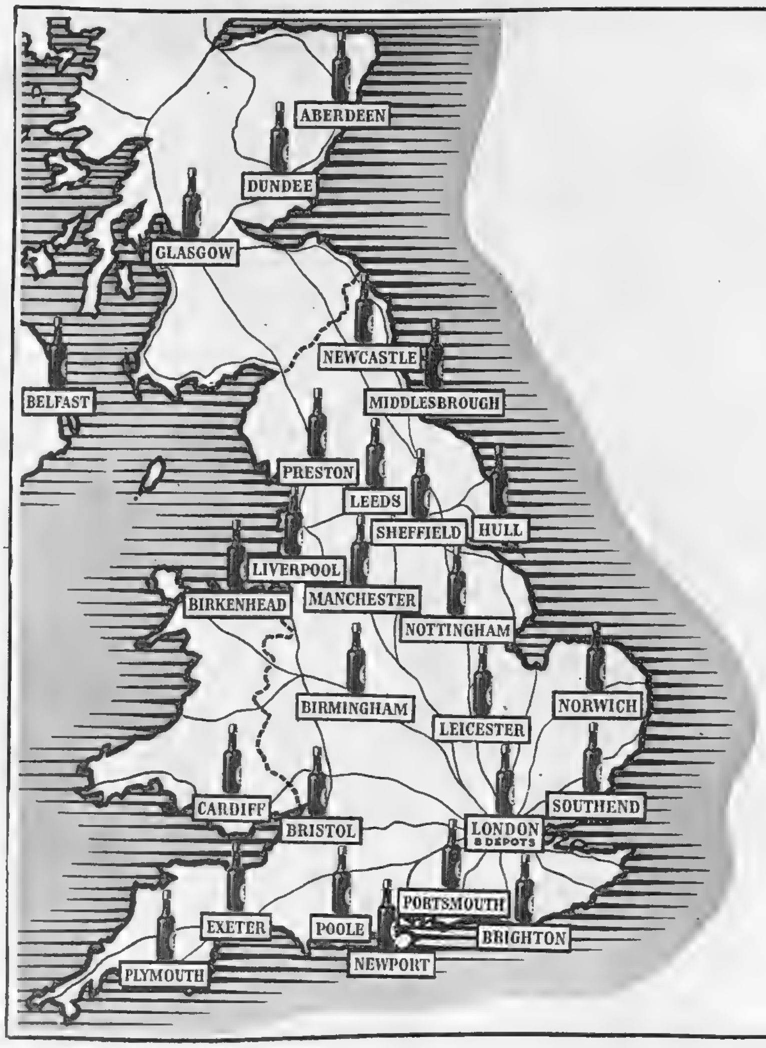

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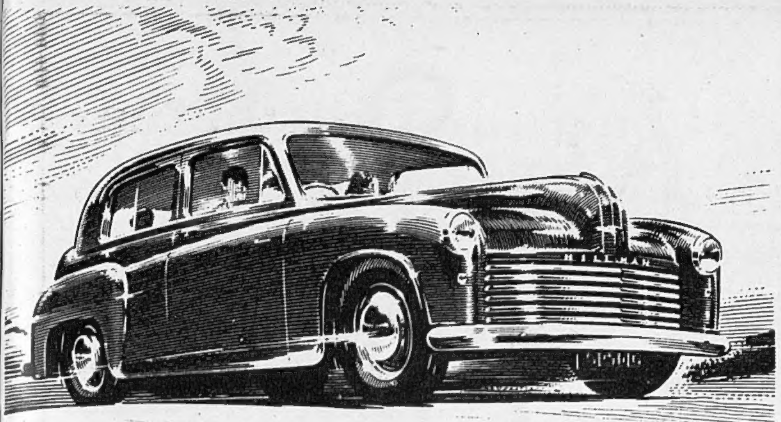

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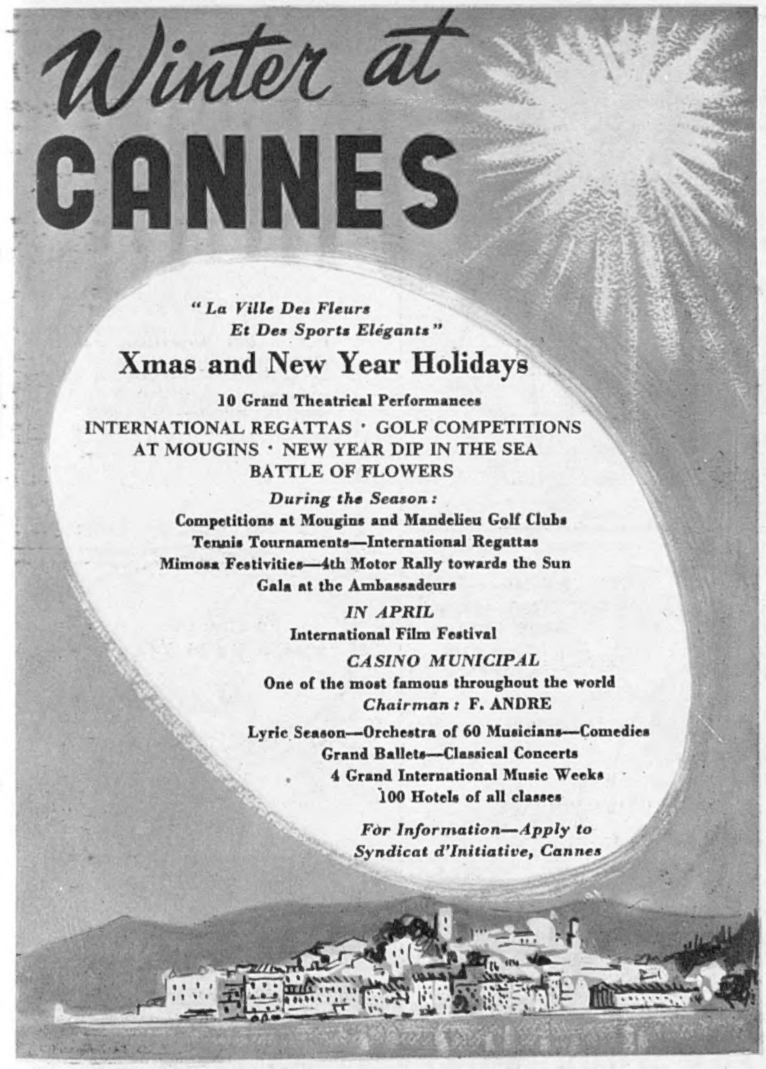

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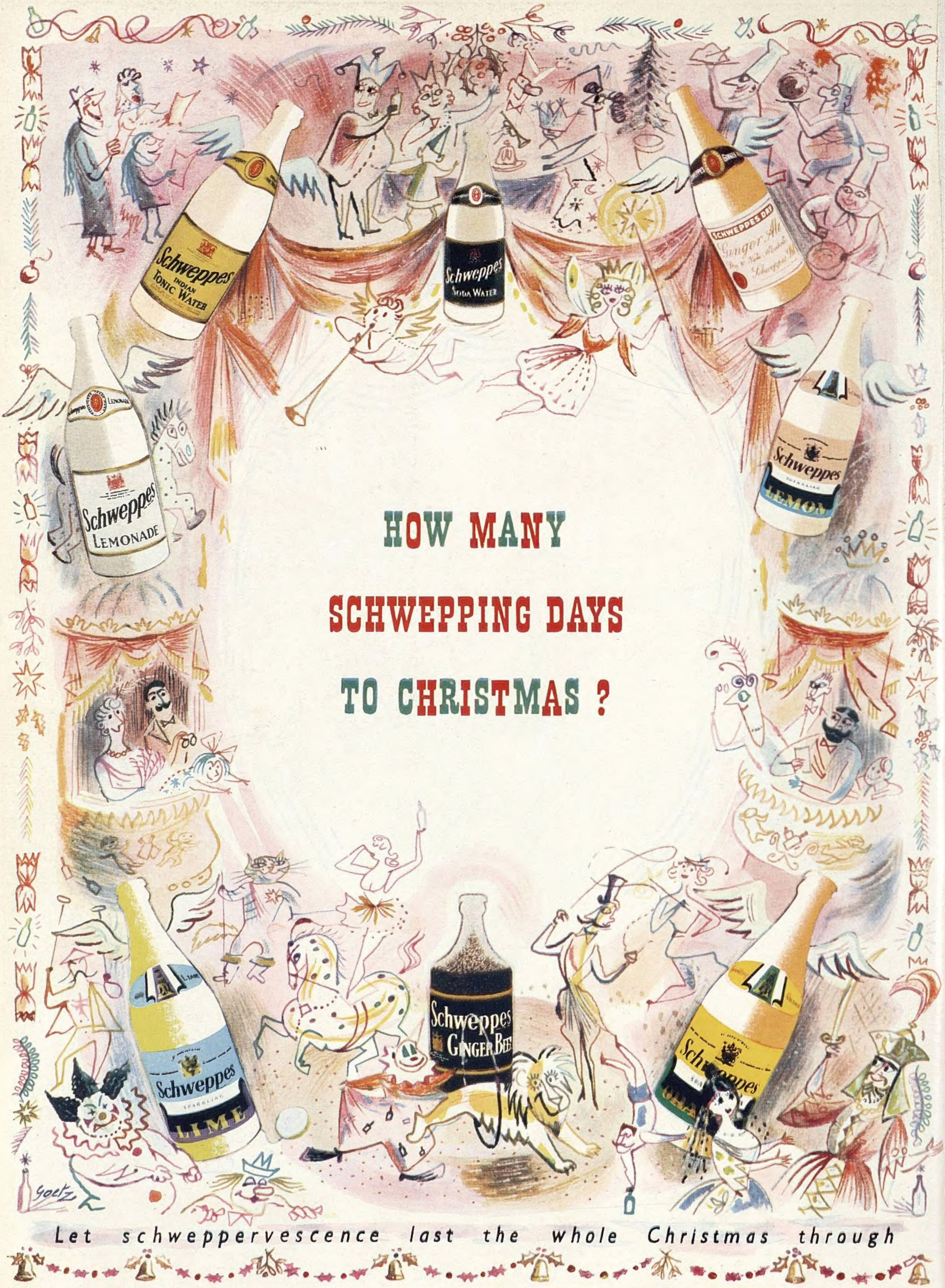

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